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EVENTS OF THE WEEK

THE Labour Party's Conference at Blackpool, which concluded last week, covered, as usual, a great deal of ground: a certain unity was given to the proceedings by its two dominating ideas—dissatisfaction (with which it is impossible not to sympathize) with the record of the present Government, and an anxiety to produce something that is both coherent and convincing in the shape of an electoral programme. From a welter of argument and denunciation, two discussions of particular interest emerge. The first of these concerned the future of the mining industry. Apparently the ambitious programme of reorganization embodied in the pamphlet "Coal and Common Sense," and put forward so oracularly in evidence proffered to

the Samuel Commission, is fading into the limbo of discarded aspirations. The latest scheme, introduced by Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and Mr. Herbert Smith, has nothing of Cloud-Cuckoo-Land about it: there seems, indeed, to be little in it that Liberals would not be prepared to accept, and much that is inspired by Liberal propaganda. Its principal proposals are: (1) the repeal of the Eight Hours Act; (2) a regulation of the supply of labour; (3) national provision for the maintenance of displaced miners; (4) compulsory grouping and amalgamation of mines; and (5) the establishment of selling agencies. These proposals collectively make up a coherent scheme, and both the Liberal and Labour Parties are to be congratulated on its adoption by the Conference.

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The other discussion at Blackpool of special interest was that which raged around the surtax, first adumbrated in the Minority Report of the Colwyn Committee. The surtax is to be graduated but will amount, it is understood, to an average imposition of 2s. in the £ upon unearned incomes exceeding £500 a year. The Conference last week was at loggerheads, not in regard to the desirability of imposing this tax, or even as to its yield, but in regard to the allocation of its proceeds. Mr. Lees-Smith, who introduced an "omnibus" resolution on behalf of the Executive, demanded that the surtax should be levied "with the object of liberating revenue for the abolition of taxes on necessities, for the development of the social services, and for the reduction of the Debt." This proposal did not do for Mr. Oswald Mosley. In his view, the whole of the proceeds of the surtax should be expended in social services, and the Debt could look after itself. The ill-gotten gains of the *rentier* had already been vastly increased by the rise in the value of money. To utilize any part of the tax as a sinking fund would be to hand back to him with one hand what was taken from him with the other! Mr. Mosley's amendment was rejected, but it is significant enough that it should have been put forward. The "surtax" proposal was first introduced as an up-to-date variant of the Capital Levy. The Capital Levy was devised originally as a means of reducing the National Debt. Now, in the eyes of a minority, the problem of the Debt has ceased to matter. This sharp cleavage of opinion as to policy is likely to persist. There is a strong body of Labour voters to whom it is just as important as to other capitalists that the Debt should not be repudiated, and that the securities they hold should not be depreciated by the absence of an effective sinking fund policy.

* * *

As to the yield of the surtax, Mr. Lees-Smith persisted in his statement that it would amount to about £85 millions. Nobody seems to have challenged this at the Conference, but Mr. Pethick-Lawrence, rather sur-

prisingly, said that "he was perfectly satisfied" that the yield would reach that figure, and Lord Arnold declared that "notwithstanding statements which had been made to the contrary, he was prepared to say without any reservation that by this proposal eighty-five millions of revenue could, without doubt, be raised." It does not appear from the Press reports of the Conference that any of the speakers made it clear whether or not the undistributed profits of companies are to be subjected to the surtax or whether the yield from this source is included in their estimate. We are forced to the conclusion that it is intended to surtax these reserves, but, even so, the yield could not exceed £62 millions, as we showed in our issue of September 24th.

* * *

The "live" register figures of unemployment provide a sombre background for the forthcoming discussions of the "Blanesburgh" Bill, and ill accord with the optimism of Mr. Baldwin's speech at Cardiff. At this time of year there is normally a tendency for employment to diminish, but a marked revival of trade should more than counterbalance that tendency. The figures show an almost continuous increase in the numbers unemployed in each week since the beginning of July, from 1,022,000 in the week ending July 11th to 1,061,000 in the week ending October 3rd. On the other hand, the foreign trade returns for September show a slight improvement. We imported £11 millions more than we did in the preceding month and about £3½ millions more than in September, 1925. Exports were £1 million up on August, 1927, but £1½ millions under those of September, 1925. The "adverse" balance of trade for September was nearly £33 millions, as against £22 millions in August.

* * *

Sir Alfred Mond has announced a programme of industrial co-operation between the management of Imperial Chemicals, Ltd., and its forty thousand employees, which seems to be worth attention. Some of its features may, no doubt, be characterized as "eye-wash"; the plan, nevertheless, embodies some important and valuable ideas. A Central Labour department is to be set up, under the personal supervision of one of the executives of the concern; its function will be to co-ordinate the various activities which the new programme sets in motion. These are to comprise apparently: (1) a system of Works Councils; (2) the establishment of a "staff grade," to which, it is contemplated, as many as 50 per cent. of the workers may be promoted; and (3) a workers' share-purchase scheme. The institution of the proposed "staff grade" is very important: its members are to have a better status as regards dismissals, &c., than ordinarily obtains in industry, and will be eligible to receive full pay during sickness (less their National Health Insurance benefit) for periods up to six months. This is a most valuable innovation. The share-purchase scheme seems to call for fuller explanation. Apparently workers can buy shares, up to a prescribed number, at a price below the market price; will receive, in addition, free shares in proportion to those they buy; and can pay for the shares which they purchase by instalments. Should they die before purchase is completed, their unpaid instalments are to be remitted. This is, *prima facie*, a most attractive proposition. But the inherent difficulties are considerable, and it will be of much interest to see how they are negotiated.

* * *

The proposed Works Councils amount to a sort of Whitley Council scheme for Imperial Chemicals, Ltd. Each workshop is to have a local Council consisting of

staff and employees in equal numbers, and for each group of companies—presumably the four units which were fused into the new organization—there is to be a General Works Council, appointed by and from the local works councils. Finally, the General Works Councils are to appoint a Central Works Council, over which Sir Alfred Mond, as Chairman of the Company, will preside. The one important difference between this structure and that of the Whitley scheme is that each of the higher councils is elected by and from the councils below it. Thus the workers' representatives on the Central Council will all be members also of one of the General Councils and one of the local councils. This will apparently exclude the whole-time trade union leader, and some interesting problems may arise from his point of view. But the representative principle has great advantages, of which the Whitley Committee were well aware when they said that the success of the whole scheme would ultimately depend upon the vitality of the works councils. The chief weakness of Whitleyism hitherto has been due to the lack of cohesion in the structure.

* * *

The new Dail has assembled and elected Mr. Cosgrave as President of the Executive Council by a majority of six. Thus far the Government has been unable to reach any agreement with the Labour Party. Mr. O'Connell, the leader of the Labour deputies in the absence of Mr. Johnson, made a speech stating that they were prepared to give "critical and conditional support" to any party prepared to carry out the Labour programme, and would oppose Mr. Cosgrave's re-election mainly on the grounds of his social legislation. It seems that Mr. Cosgrave will have to carry on legislative business with a majority of from three to six votes. The return of Mr. Johnson to the Dail might make it easier to come to some understanding with Labour; but there is a grave obstacle to any arrangement in the Government's refusal to consider repeal of the Public Safety Act. In economic policy also, Labour tends rather to the extravagant protectionism of Fianna Fail than to lean with the Government towards Free Trade. It is always possible that the truculence of Mr. de Valera and his followers may frighten the other parties into coalition; but at present the prospects of any Free State Government obtaining an effective working majority during the next few years seem remote.

* * *

The French Government have now definitely asked for the recall of M. Rakovsky, the Soviet Ambassador in Paris, and have published their correspondence with Moscow on the subject. They do not seem to be on very firm ground. M. Rakovsky signed one of those papers which the semi-official organs of Communist Russia are for ever drafting and circulating. It was to the effect that soldiers must be encouraged to desert to the Red armies in time of war; but though M. Rakovsky's signature proclaims him an orthodox Communist—while he is in his own country—it affords no proof that he intends to practise the doctrines of the declaration while he is carrying out his duties as Ambassador. His indiscretions to the Press, which are complained of, but apparently not specified, were little but roundabout excuses intended to assure Moscow that he was still a good Communist, and Paris that he was none the less a good Ambassador. The truth is, probably, that recent disorders in the French Fleet at Toulon, and sporadic outbursts of indiscipline in certain army formations, have made the Ministers in Paris nervous and excited, but the real cause of these outbreaks appears to have been discontent with food and

conditions, and although lower-deck agitators may proclaim themselves Communists, there is really nothing to connect them with the Soviet Ambassador.

* * *

President Calles announces that the military revolt in Mexico has been crushed, and certainly his Government has a record during the past fortnight of swift and ruthless action. Eighteen generals and sixty-four other high officers had been shot up to the middle of this week, and the policy of wholesale executions was being continued, while divisional commanders and brigadiers in similar numbers were being dismissed. The decisive action was a six-hours battle in the State of Vera Cruz last Sunday, when the insurgent forces under General Gomez were scattered. The General is a fugitive and can expect no mercy. President Calles proclaimed an amnesty for those of Gomez's officers and men who would surrender. Two prominent editors of Vera Cruz have been deported. The revolt and its consequences have eliminated both the presidential candidates who were opposing General Obregon, who is now the only nominee. He will presumably succeed Signor Calles, and the presidential term is to be increased from four to six years. In the many recent Mexican upheavals there has been nothing to compare in thoroughness and sweep with the Calles-Obregon measures of suppression; but as the revolt had spread to a dozen States the President's claim to complete victory may well go beyond the facts.

* * *

The Macedonian disturbances have taken an ugly turn in the bombing of a Yugoslav frontier post, and the murder of General Kovatchevitch, commanding the troops at Istip. Fortunately, the Yugoslav Government, like that of Greece, has kept its head, and its representations to Sofia have been couched in reasonable and temperate terms. The Bulgarian Government has responded by proclaiming martial law in the frontier departments of Kustendil and Petritch, taking active steps to prevent the crossing of the frontier by Komitajis, and transferring to the interior of the country battalions containing a large proportion of Macedonians. Further, the Prime Minister, M. Liaptcheff, has informed the leaders of the Macedonian Revolutionary Organization that, while the Government will not interfere with legitimate, peaceful propaganda, any further outbreak of raiding and assassination will be followed by strong action against the Organization.

* * *

These measures appear to have given full satisfaction to the Yugoslav authorities, and have been generally approved by the Bulgarians themselves, who have no wish to become involved in hostilities with their neighbours as the result of Komitaji activity. Indeed, the most satisfactory feature of the whole business is the strong desire shown in Sofia, Belgrade, and Athens alike, for the preservation not only of peace, but of good neighbourly relations between the Balkan States. The responsibility, however, does not rest wholly on the Bulgarian Government. Joint action by Sofia and Belgrade may stamp out the disturbances for the time being; but there will be no real peace on the frontier so long as the grievances of Macedonian minorities outside Bulgaria excite a measure of sympathy for the Komitajis. Martial law cannot be enforced indefinitely in the frontier districts of Bulgaria; nor can the authorities at Belgrade permanently maintain order in the southern provinces by aggravating the grievances of a fierce and turbulent minority. It cannot be denied that the methods of the Macedonian patriots have encouraged the short-sighted policy of

government by gendarmerie; but if the Yugoslav authorities cannot devise some means of tranquillizing their minority populations, they must be encouraged to take advice.

* * *

Before a deputation which he rightly described as formidable the War Minister this week was required to defend the policy of his department in regard to the Surrey commons. Not for a good many years has a deputation so impressive in personnel appeared in Whitehall, and the public case was put in a series of convincing statements led off by Lord Midleton and Mr. Lloyd George. Sir L. Worthington-Evans plainly felt himself to be in a most unfortunate position, and his explanation conceded virtually the whole case. The War Office is seeking to purchase commons and to acquire full manorial rights over a large tract of Surrey. The military authorities, it is contended, must have it, for the needs of the increasingly mechanized army are not to be denied. The War Minister gave more than one definite pledge; for example, that no permanent buildings will be erected, that no military roads will be laid across the commons, and that public access will be protected; but he made the damning admission that the Surrey commons area is marked for full use by the Tank Corps. Mr. H. A. L. Fisher made the definite suggestion that the War Office should acquire the commons and vest them in the National Trust. The deputation, carefully guarding itself against making any concession of principle, agreed to appoint a committee of its members to confer with a committee of the War Office upon matters of policy and modes of protection.

* * *

The situation in China has been gravely complicated by the fact that Yen Hsi-shan, the "model tuchun" of Shansi, has abandoned his neutrality and declared against Chang Tso-lin. He chose his moment badly, when the Southern drive had ceased, and Chang was free to concentrate his trained divisions against him, and Yen's armies are now being driven in disorder to the westward. His intervention and defeat are bad news. While he still stood neutral, with his forces intact, there was some hope that he might act as mediator between North and South. He can no longer expect to do so, and will be fortunate if he can retain the province he has governed so well and so long. The outcome confirms our view that Chang's grip on the North is too strong to be forcibly upset, and indicates that the British Government was wise in opening separate negotiations with the North and the South. Unfortunately, that policy seems to be held up indefinitely by the lack of a Southern Government strong enough to speak for the South as a whole, and sensible enough to recognize Chang's *de facto* position, and enter into a tripartite agreement.

* * *

The appearance or disappearance of geographical features is an event so far outside our normal experience, that the behaviour of Falcon Island, in the Tonga Archipelago, deserves a passing reference. It was in 1886 that volcanic activity first converted Falcon Reef, usually awash at high water, into a substantial island of scoria and pumice. By 1895 it had wholly disappeared; but in 1900 H.M.S. "Porpoise" found a black rock rising six feet above high-water mark, and now, as the result of renewed volcanic disturbances, Falcon Island is again on the map, nearly a mile long, more than three-quarters of a mile wide, with the lip of its still active crater over three hundred feet above sea level. There is no sign as yet of its companion Wesley Island, which made a brief appearance in the middle of the nineteenth century.

MR. BALDWIN'S ELECTION PROGRAMME

AT the close of his speech to the delegates of the Conservative Conference at Cardiff, Mr. Baldwin repeated his familiar appeal that his Party should pursue a national policy :—

"Let us realize," he said, "what many of those skilled in politics before the war find hard to envisage. It is not a majority to-day of the people in this country who belong to any of the organized parties. The great danger to our system is a repetition of the 1923 election. We are in a position where, in my view, no party with its party members alone can gain a victory over both the other parties combined. I do not believe that any purely party programme can gain a victory over the other two parties combined. Our duty is, while holding fast to our principles, to build on them a national policy which will bring to our support armies of those who owe no particular allegiance, and armies of those who prefer a stable Government to giving support to either of the other two parties."

It seems obvious that the course here recommended is strategically sound for the Conservative Party, and we have always credited Mr. Baldwin with a desire, based on wider considerations, to be something more than a party leader. There is crying need for a national policy in the circumstances of Britain to-day, with a million of her people unemployed; her coal trade in a desperate plight; her other basic industries still tending to decline, and her foreign trade position giving cause for grave anxiety. Let us see, then, what sort of a "national policy" is foreshadowed by the Cardiff Conference and the Prime Minister's speech.

Two topics especially interested and excited the active spirits of the local associations who attended the Conservative Conference. One was the question of votes for women at twenty-one; the other, the reform of the House of Lords and, more particularly, an enlargement of its powers. Neither is in the least degree related to the urgent problems of the day. The former received a somewhat reluctant assent from the delegates, on the principle, apparently, that since the franchise cannot long be withheld from the younger women it is desirable that the Conservatives should acquire merit (and possibly votes) by extending it. In any case, Mr. Baldwin has clearly made up his mind to put this measure through, notwithstanding Lord Rothermere's forecast that 70 per cent. of the new voters will vote for Socialists, and his followers must make the best of it. We have nothing to say against the measure ourselves, except that it is unlikely to contribute anything to the solution of the pressing difficulties by which the country is now faced. But it was the House of Lords question which aroused the enthusiasm of the Conference, and in that matter the delegates sought to go beyond the known wishes of the Cabinet and to force the hands of their leaders. The resolution, it is true, was judiciously worded. Major Kindersley, M.P., moved that :—

"This Conference offers its hearty congratulations to the Government on its resolve to deal with the problem of the House of Lords during the life of the present Parliament, and will support those measures necessary to assure that the will of the people shall be safeguarded by an effective Second Chamber."

In passing this formula by an overwhelming majority, in spite of the warnings of Lord Londonderry and a few others, the delegates were not openly challenging the policy of the Government, but there must have been few among them so ignorant of the fate of Lord Cave's proposals in the spring of this year that they did not detect a note of irony in the "congratulations" and a slightly minatory note in the promise of support. Mr. Baldwin's own reference to the subject in his speech at Cardiff was sufficiently guarded :—

"We have, as you are aware," he said, "put forward certain sketch proposals for consideration and ventilation, and we welcome sympathetic and enlightened criticism—criticism which aims at sound constitutional advance in harmony with the democratic temper. The Government this autumn will consider carefully such criticisms. They will consider carefully that most interesting discussion which took place among you to-day, and they will announce their decision later in the year."

It is generally assumed that, as the *Times* has put it, "House of Lords Reform will go no farther (if so far) than the rectification of the present method of certifying Money Bills," but, even if that assumption is correct, the voice of the rank-and-file Tory as heard at Cardiff on this matter has some significance. It means, in our opinion, that the powers of the House of Lords are likely to be a leading issue at the next General Election; that many Tory candidates will be pledged to a drastic amendment of the Parliament Act, and that a Constitutional question of the first importance will distract the attention of the electors from the problems of industry. We could wish for nothing better to promote the electoral fortunes of the Liberal Party than such a development, but the national policy which may then emerge will not be that of Mr. Baldwin or his party.

The other proceedings of the Conservative Conference need not detain us long. A resolution was carried urging the Government to "take what effective measures are open to it during the lifetime of the present Parliament to relieve the situation" of agriculture, but all the specific remedies suggested were rejected. Another resolution calling for "further substantial economies in the public services" was unanimously adopted. There was a demand for more "safeguarding" in general, and for a duty on imported steel in particular. The Government were congratulated on their attitude at the Naval Disarmament Conference; and "the much needed relief to industry contemplated by the Blanesburgh scheme" was welcomed. The delegates were with difficulty persuaded by Lord Eustace Percy to refrain from expressing the opinion that "there is no necessity or desire for the present school-leaving age of fourteen to be compulsorily raised," but rejected by a large majority a resolution which stated that the present leasehold enfranchisement system was not based on equity. There the contribution of the Conference towards a national policy ended. Let us turn again to Mr. Baldwin's speech.

The keynote of that speech was struck by the Chairman when he said that Mr. Baldwin was known in Canada as the "Sunshine Premier." He has certainly returned in an extraordinarily optimistic frame

of mind. Quoting with approval Mr. Churchill's statement that "British industry is once more in full swing," he declared that "during the last few months the export of manufactured goods has been slowly growing until, in August, it was 11 per cent. greater than it was two years ago." "Now these," added Mr. Baldwin, "are facts." We confess that we rubbed our eyes when we read this statement. The Board of Trade Returns show that exports of manufactures in August this year were £1,786,000 behind those of August, 1925. The discrepancy is, however, easily explained. Assuming an average fall in prices of 13 per cent., the Board of Trade calculate that the volume of manufactures exported show an increase of 10.8 per cent. Similarly, the reduction of 11.7 per cent. in the value of our exports for the first eight months of 1927 compared with the same period in 1925 may be expressed as an increase in volume of 1.5 per cent. This is shallow ground for optimism, especially when we remember that 1925 was a very bad year.

The rest of Mr. Baldwin's speech was pitched in the same key. We are beginning, he said, to reap the benefits of the return to gold. With that talisman, industry can look after itself, and he warmly agreed with Mr. Cramp that the Government should "keep out of the picture" of good-will between employers and employed. The one black spot is agriculture; but long-term credits and better marketing will do something for the farmers. Economy is very important, but there is not much scope for further economy. The House of Lords will learn its fate later in the year; and young women must certainly be given votes, for Disraeli said that no party that failed to attract youth into its ranks could live.

Perhaps it is hardly fair to Mr. Baldwin to take a single speech and expect to find in it the outline of the national policy to which he aspires. But this was an exceptional occasion. The Prime Minister was making his first political speech after his visit to Canada and the summer vacation, and, as the leader of his party, he was delivering his annual allocution to his assembled followers, in which a general stock-taking is expected. It therefore seems reasonable to expect at least some hint of the way in which Ministers propose to grapple with the most urgent national problems. We can find none in Mr. Baldwin's speech, and are forced to the conclusion that he is content to drift on, without any constructive policy, until he exhausts the good-will which his genial personality has attracted. A year or two ago, it was characteristic of Mr. Baldwin to think aloud in a stimulating if indiscreet fashion; to throw out ill-considered and undigested ideas which had subsequently to be explained away. Have ideas now ceased to visit him, or is he becoming reserved? The question is one of more than personal interest. A General Election may be expected in the course of the next eighteen months, and it is hardly credible that Ministers will go to the country on their record, with the hope of a vote of thanks from "the flappers," a policy of keeping the Government out of the industrial picture, and a vague threat to restore in some form the veto of the House of Lords. Yet that is the programme indicated at Cardiff. We shall await, with curiosity, to see how it develops.

THE ROUMANO-HUNGARIAN AFFAIR

MEETINGS of the League of Nations Council held while the Assembly is in progress are naturally a little overshadowed by the activities of the larger body. For that reason the discussions at the recent Council meeting on the dispute between Roumania and Hungary over the liquidation of the property of Hungarian nationals in Transylvania have so far attracted less attention than they deserve.

No more intricate or perplexing problem has ever been before the Council and none which raises more difficult questions of principle or interpretation. The fundamental question at issue concerns the rights of Hungarian property-owners in the territories transferred under the Treaty of Trianon from Hungary to Roumania. According to the terms of the Treaty, Hungarians in the transferred area were permitted to opt for the retention of their Hungarian nationality. In that case they had themselves to take up residence in Hungary, but it was laid down that their immovable property in the transferred territory should not be subject to "retention or liquidation" by the Roumanian Government. The meaning of this provision is important. Under the Treaty of Trianon (similar clauses are found in the other Peace Treaties) the property of Hungarians in Roumania could be seized and sold by the Roumanian Government, the proceeds going either to liquidate debts due from Hungarian subjects to Roumanians or to a general Reparations account. In the newly acquired territories, however, e.g., Transylvania, this provision was not to apply. These territories were, on the contrary, awarded to Roumania on the clear condition that Hungarians should retain their property there immune from the so-called *liquidation de guerre*.

Across this provision cut a general agrarian reform scheme conceived as far back as 1914, put into partial operation before the war was over, and applying to the whole of Roumanian territory, new and old. It involved the break-up of great estates to provide land for the peasants. Estates belonging to Roumanian citizens were so dealt with, and the scheme was applied to some three hundred properties belonging to Hungarians in Transylvania. The Hungarians at once appealed to the provisions of the Treaty entitling them to keep their properties intact, and brought claims for compensation before the Mixed Arbitral Tribunal established under the Treaty to deal with the general question of the liquidation of enemy property. The Roumanians contended that measures taken under a general agrarian reform scheme were an internal domestic question and lay completely outside the competence of the Tribunal. The Tribunal had thereupon to decide the preliminary question of its own competence. Its members were divided, the Hungarian judge and the neutral president affirming competence and the Roumanian judge denying it. On the basis of this majority decision, the Tribunal might have proceeded to hear the Hungarian claims, but Roumania immediately withdrew its judge, thus rendering the Tribunal inoperative. At this point, the League Council, which had been dealing with less acute aspects of the controversy for four years, was appealed to by both parties, the Roumanians raising the question under Article XI. of the Covenant as a circumstance threatening good relations between nations, and Hungary appealing to a provision of the Treaty of Trianon which requires the League Council to nominate judges in the event of a vacancy occurring on the bench of an arbitral tribunal.

By the time this stage had been reached, the situation was bristling with problems. Could a treaty between Hun-

gary and the Allies lay an imperative duty on the League Council? Was the Council qualified to pronounce on the general question of the competence of the Arbitral Tribunal? Could provisions designed to protect Hungarian property from an ordinary *liquidation de guerre* confer immunity against the operation of a universal agrarian reform scheme? And could, finally, the League Council take the obvious step of referring the question of competence to the Hague Court, if that step was opposed (as it was) by the Roumanian representative, and unanimity was therefore unattainable?

These were the questions to which the Council applied itself in September. A committee of three, presided over by Sir Austen Chamberlain, had for six months been trying to persuade the two parties to reach some voluntary agreement. Hungary demanded reference to the Hague Court and would listen to nothing else. Roumania insisted that her agrarian reform scheme had been necessary to save her country and, indeed, Eastern Europe from Bolshevism; that if she could not apply it to Hungarian properties, she could not apply it to those of her own citizens; and that, therefore, to admit the Hungarian claim would be to jeopardize the stability of her country. In the end, Sir Austen and his committee adopted an expedient that aroused considerable criticism. They took the advice of a panel of the best jurists available at Geneva, including the legal advisers of the British, French, and German delegations. The jurists laid down certain broad principles which, in their view, should govern the procedure of the arbitral tribunal, the essential feature being that the Treaty protected Hungarian property only from action directed against it as specifically Hungarian, and not, therefore, against a measure which applied to all property throughout Roumania equally.

These principles could, of course, not be imposed on the Tribunal, for neither the League Council nor any other body can constitute itself a court of appeal against an Arbitral Tribunal's findings. Sir Austen, therefore, endeavoured to persuade both parties to accept these principles voluntarily. If Roumania declined, he proposed that the Council should proceed to nominate a substitute judge, as desired by the Hungarians, and thus set the Tribunal working again. If, on the other hand, the Hungarians refused, he proposed that the judge should not be appointed, in which case the Tribunal would continue to be stultified by the absence of one of its members.

Dr. Stresemann and other Council members, however, took strong exception to proposals which were manifestly threats, and were described in the common Geneva vernacular as "sanctions." That part of the Chamberlain proposal was therefore dropped. The rest of it was adopted, and the two parties were earnestly adjured to reflect seriously on their attitude in preparation for a final decision by the Council in December. But the basis for such a decision seems as shadowy as ever. M. Titulesco, the Roumanian Foreign Minister, naturally enough accepted the Chamberlain proposals. Count Apponyi, for Hungary, rejected them absolutely, reiterating his appeal to the Hague Court, and in this he was supported by Dr. Stresemann. The Roumanians, of course, opposed this, and it has never yet been decided whether a request by the Council for an advisory opinion from the Court requires unanimity or not. The Hungarians contended that the League must stand on the strict letter of the law. Sir Austen Chamberlain replied that, on the contrary, it must take equity considerations into account, particularly in a case raised under Article XI. of the Covenant, which requires the Council to take whatever steps may be necessary to safeguard the peace of nations.

There the matter rests. Never has the Council had a problem so intricate to break its teeth on, and nothing is more intelligible than that Sir Austen should have endeavoured to resign his position as *rapporteur* on the question, or that his colleagues should have unanimously (and successfully) appealed to him to carry on until December.

H. WILSON HARRIS.

THE SMALL INDUSTRIAL TOWN

AT different times attention has been called to the needs and special difficulties of very different types of communities. We all know about the problems of the great city; and at the other extreme from this, our neglected countryside has been described and deplored repeatedly, nowhere more forcibly than in the columns of THE NATION. There have been studies and surveys of the country town, the seaside resort, the University town, the middle-class suburb. Nor has this attention been in vain; if the problems have not been solved they have at least been tackled, and with a considerable measure of success. Anyone who goes about with his eyes open knows that hundreds of villages have more opportunities for social and intellectual life to-day than they had a couple of decades ago. Women's Institutes, Village Halls, County Libraries, Rural Community Councils, are all contributing to build up a tolerable community life.

The thesis of this article is that to-day the type of community most sorely needing attention is the small industrial town. By that one means the community with a population of between 10,000 and 30,000 persons, too large to have the neighbourliness which gives unity and social consciousness to a village, too small to have the diversity and the organization which enrich the life of a considerable town. The kind of town of which we are thinking is purely industrial, and its population is usually exclusively of the working classes. It may be a mining town, or a small shipyard town, or perhaps a textile town. Such towns are common enough in the North and Midlands, and not unknown in the South of England.

I have in mind a town of this kind, which we will call Standerton. It has a population of about twenty-six thousand inhabitants. There is a considerable variety of industries, some of which are fairly prosperous, even in these bad days. The town must not be thought of as a slum; indeed, there are not a considerable number of houses which might be said to constitute a slum area. The greater part of it could be described quite fairly as small cottage property in tolerable repair. Nor is it one of those congested districts where light and air are wanting. The streets are wide, even painfully and uselessly wide; in quite a number of them there is grass growing, so little is the traffic. It is doubtless better that it should be so than that there should be crowded courts and alleys; yet in any modern lay-out these forty or fifty feet of ugly roadway could be turned to more profitable account.

It is a town of very small homes, and of large families, and it is of a drabness which seems to lower one's vitality like a darkness. The brick is ugly, the doors are ugly, the design of the houses is uncompromisingly ugly. Here and there, where the builder has come to an unexpected stop in his soulless repetition, the children play on an ugly patch of ground at the end of an unfinished street. The shops are mostly unprepossessing; what they have to sell is cheap, and not well displayed; for the better qualities of goods or for the more serious purchases, e.g., of clothing, the inhabitants go to the next big town. There is one

rather striking church, but for the most part the public buildings are without dignity.

Standerton is a one-class town. If this is not literally true, it comes very near to being so; the fringe which could be described as other than working class is insignificant. Well over 90 per cent. of its inhabitants live in homes of four rooms or less. Less than a hundred and forty persons, roughly one-half per cent. of the population, live in homes of eight rooms or more. The Occupations Table of the last Census gives some curious information about status. There were returned as occupied some 9,300 persons. Only forty-four persons returned themselves in the categories of employer, owner, agent, or manager, and of these some would obviously be small people. No one described himself as a director of a company or secretary of a company. Professional men were few: there were ten clergymen and five doctors, but there was no dentist, no solicitor, no barrister, no accountant, no journalist, no social welfare worker. There was one architect. There appears to have been in 1921 only one qualified midwife, though there were more than twenty nurses. And although there was a university college within six miles, and there were several other places of adult education within easy reach, there was in the census year no one over the age of eighteen enumerated as a student.

In short, scarcely anyone lives in Standerton who can afford to live elsewhere. The officials of the big companies disappear when their work is done to homes at a considerable distance. The professional men, and quite a number of the skilled artisans, do the same. And whereas a great city keeps the different classes, though widely separated geographically and psychically, within the unity of its borders, here the well-to-do leave the poorer workers at the yard gate and go home to another town and perhaps to another county.

It is not a healthy state of affairs. And what is true of Standerton is true of many other towns which are more or less like it. These towns are not true and whole communities; some of the elements necessary for a full and good social life are missing.

The mischief is seen in various ways. In the first place there is a low rateable value, because there are no houses of considerable rental; on the other hand, the burdens of education and of pauperism are necessarily big. The result is that industrial premises are heavily, and possibly injuriously, rated. In the second place, it is difficult to find in many of these towns men of sufficient education and ability to conduct the affairs of the community. Either you get well-meaning but not very competent Labour men pushing schemes of social betterment zealously, but unintelligently, or you have nominees of the business concerns, acting under instructions to keep the rates down, and with little regard to local necessities of which their chiefs are only dimly conscious. Local government tends also to be poor because of the intermediate size of the area. A village has most of its services administered by the County Council, which can afford to pay a staff of very competent officials. Such towns as we have been describing will often, not always, have part-time officials, who may be non-resident in the area. The unit of government is uneconomical for many services, e.g., disposal of refuse, sewerage schemes, hospital provision; and although the difficulties may perhaps be overcome by joint action with neighbouring authorities, only too often local pride and official pettiness stand in the way. Public library provision is a good illustration of the main contention of this article, that this type of town is now the worst served; villages are rapidly getting their County Library facilities, and the large towns have

usually a public library, but most towns of the size of Standerton have neither the one nor the other.

In the third place, there is a lack of leadership and a lack of funds for voluntary social service, under which term we include not only agencies for dealing with distress, but also a good deal of organization of education and recreation. Almost certainly there will not be a Guild of Help or similar body, yet there will be many persons in difficulties and needing expert counsel and assistance. Invalid Children's Aid Association, Children's Country Holiday Fund, Poor Man's Lawyer, all the network of voluntary agencies to be found in the great cities are likely to be feebly represented or entirely wanting in these small industrial towns. Who should staff them? Who should finance them? Both the size of the town and its one-class character make the difficulties almost insuperable. Yet it is not in these towns as in the villages, where everybody knows everybody else, and cases of distress are at least observed and known to be genuine or otherwise.

Such intellectual and cultural life as there is tends to centre round the Co-operative Societies and round the Welfare Departments of the big firms. For both kinds of agency there is reason to be grateful, but they have very obvious limitations. The programmes of the local music-hall and of the local cinemas are seldom other than trash.

It is not intended to paint a picture of unrelieved darkness, and there are many exceptions and qualifications which would have to be made in any detailed description. Sometimes an Adult School, sometimes a W.E.A. class is a focus of intellectual life. It is encouraging to know that the National Council of Social Service and the Carnegie Trust, both of them influential bodies, have recently been considering the problems of areas including a number of towns such as we have described. It is to be hoped that they will find the right way of fostering a healthy and vigorous local life. The Royal Commission on Local Government ought also to give a lead, though there is as yet little indication of its doing so. For the present, it must be repeated, the small industrial town of the Standerton type is the most neglected kind of community in our country.

H. A. MESS.

LIFE AND POLITICS

I THINK it would be true to say that while the rank and file of the Tory Party have always disliked giving votes to women, their leaders have calculated on gaining by it. At Cardiff the delegates expressed their honest prejudices, but Mr. Baldwin and the managers of the machine long since made up their minds that what is foolishly called "the flappers' vote" will be on the whole a Tory vote. This may well turn out to be one more miscalculation; but things are so desperate for the future of Toryism that the leaders are prepared to chance it. They will jump with their eyes shut and hope for the best. Mr. Baldwin gives to the adventure a specious air of idealism, when he explains it as an appeal to youth to support what, with convenient vagueness, he calls a national policy. There is nothing vague about the plans of the Conservative organization. A vigorous campaign will be carried on from headquarters to draw the young women into the Tory camp, and the instrument chosen for the work is to be the Junior Imperial League. This body may be trusted to translate Mr. Baldwin's second-hand Disraelism into the kind of patriotic appeal which, as the Tory managers think, will serve to frighten the women away from the Labour

Party. The programme is based upon a thoroughly cynical estimate of the intelligence of the new voters, who are to be scared into the respectable party by the beating of the Imperial drum, in much the same way that bees are collected into the hive by noise. But will it be the Tory hive?

The Labour Party, as the recent Conference showed clearly, is not in the least likely to assist the simple Tory tactics by inopportune extravagance. The policy at Blackpool was mild and opportunist, and the leaders had no difficulty in suppressing the inconvenient idealism of the I.L.P.ers (who, however, went down fighting) and, still more, of the Communists, now reduced to voluble impotence. The Executive had things all their own way, and that is the way of what is called practical politics, or what the moderate-minded multitude may be expected to acquiesce in. Mr. MacDonald talked of "the duty" of the next Labour Government to nationalize the mines, but as we all know, it is sometimes necessary to postpone the carrying out of a duty. It all depends with weak human nature on the circumstances of the moment, a phrase which may be taken as the key to the useful but hardly heroic Labour policy that is to be framed for the next appeal to the country. The weakness of resistance made by the militant minorities to this temporizing orthodoxy was certainly remarkable: even the voice of Glasgow was piano. The Labour Party probably cannot at the moment afford—in the literal sense—to take a heroic line. There has been a slump in trade-union membership and a drop in subscriptions to the local party organizations, and this is one of the factors which makes playing for safety desirable. The Labour Party has not for a long time presented a more harmonious surface to inspection, but the calm is largely illusory, for it is impossible that the powerful minorities will for long acquiesce in what they must regard as a faint-hearted dilution of the faith. The Communist Party, which has suffered a catastrophic diminution in membership, has been consoling itself at Manchester with violent language directed chiefly against the Labour statesmen, those "treacherous Bureaucrats, renegades, and betrayers of their class." Unfortunately for the prospects of the Tory effort to scare the new voters by dressing Labour in Communist red, the Communists are now definitely outlawed by trade unionism, and at the lowest point of weakness and discredit.

There is already sufficient experience of the working of the new Merchandise Marks Act to show that it is a worry to the traders, without being in the least effective as Protection. The simple notion that if you mark an article as foreign you thereby induce the ordinary person to buy the competing British-made thing is—well, it is simple. People do not buy patriotically; they buy the best they can afford, completely indifferent to origin, and no one really expects them to do anything else. The leading achievement so far has been the labelling of imported eggs. It is true that in this case the Protection is more effective, for the reason that foreign producers will most probably tend to send their eggs to countries where the tiresome stamping regulation is not in force. In the result our farmers will make a better price for their eggs—and our housewives will pay it. I am told that the organizations of the food trade are extremely dissatisfied with this marking law, and the position is likely to get much worse, for the home and Dominion producers of many kinds of food are about to demand the marking of the competing foreign produce. This is the kind of measure that sounds very fine and patriotic in a House of Commons speech, but in practice it works out as an intolerable nuisance to the importer and the salesman,

through red tape, delays, and the interference of officials with the flow of trade. I suppose the calculation was that the interests that are injured have so little political "pull" that they could be safely disregarded.

The problem, "At what point does a hat body become a hat?" which a Merchandise Marks Committee has given up in despair, reminds one of the classic case of the umbrella—when does an umbrella which has been given successively a new stick, new ribs, and a new cover cease to be the old umbrella? The felt hat conundrum rose from the practice of the Luton firms, which import the "hood" or body from abroad—the embryo hat—and turn it into the complete article. Is the result a foreign or an English hat? The Luton argument at the inquiry seems to have been that the work done upon the foreign raw material is so important that the hat becomes a British product, and as such ought not to be marked as of foreign origin. The opposite view was taken by the manufacturers of Lancashire and Cheshire, who, of course, make the whole hat—felt included. This opposition of view between two groups of manufacturers was an interesting feature of the application, which also illustrated once more the tiresome nature of the conundrums raised by the Government's new practice of using the Merchandise Marks system as a form of indirect protection.

Those responsible have not, I think, done service to the memory of Sir Henry Wilson by allowing the publication of the petulant entries in his diary which have excited so much interest. Though he was the soul of indiscretion among his friends, it is inconceivable that Wilson would have wished his sprightly sallies about living people to be published now. It would have been possible surely to have given a truthful picture of this extraordinary man without printing every ebullition of his resentment and impatience. The incident may be useful if it leads to a little more caution in the publishing of a dead man's "remains" (I am aware that in this case the matter did not rest with the very competent editor). Mr. Lloyd George, to whom Sir Henry Wilson owed his high position in the later phase of the war, has been very naturally hurt to find that he was spattering him with abuse in his private diary. If it was thought necessary to publish these extracts, greater pains should have been taken to explain that Sir Henry Wilson's disagreements with Mr. Lloyd George belong to the post-war period. Wilson had an unbounded appreciation of Mr. Lloyd George as the war Prime Minister. When in the reconstruction period Mr. Lloyd George attempted to treat Russia and Ireland on the lines of Liberal statesmanship, Wilson, who was a political reactionary of the most mischievous kind, immediately quarrelled with him. It was apparently a one-sided quarrel, for Wilson continued to write fulsome letters of appreciation to Mr. Lloyd George while expressing his new feelings in the diary now unhappily published. Wilson was a charming and a highly gifted man, but one would be hard put to it to decide whether in his curious career he did not do more harm as a reckless politician (notably in Ireland) than he did good as a soldier in keeping the peace between the British and the French in the field.

The memory of Gladstone has been honoured recently here by the publication of a book by a clever young man which (I gather from the reviews) discusses in a detached way the question whether there was really very much to honour in him. To the ingenuous Bulgarians this is not an open question at all. This week there has been a national commemoration in honour of Gladstone in Sofia, and Lord Gladstone has received the freedom of the city.

This interesting event is a reminder to us that while in his own country the name of Gladstone may have lost its potency with time, and may suffer under the cynicism of indifference, it is still radiant and splendid among the little peoples in whose cause the great voice was heard. The nations which secured release from tyranny with the help of the great Liberals of the past, cherish long memories and an imperishable gratitude. To the Bulgarians Gladstone is a national hero, and it is pleasant to be reminded of it in days when the old disinterested passion for the liberty that filled nineteenth-century politics with its resonance has gone out of fashion. When Gladstone set out to rouse the conscience of the world over the Turkish cruelties in Bulgaria, he raised high the name of England as the friend of liberty everywhere. We should be grateful to the Bulgarians for their old-fashioned loyalty.

One's first impression from a hasty glance at the new volume of the life of King Edward is that his enemies in Germany and his friends at home have both exaggerated the importance of his interference in foreign affairs. He did useful service as an ambassador of goodwill, and it was certainly not his fault if his emollient good-nature did not produce the same happy result in Berlin as in Paris. The trouble there was in the prickly arrogant and impossible behaviour of the Kaiser. Sir Sidney Lee's narrative certainly absolves the King of any charge of trying to take the management of affairs out of the hands of his Ministers. It is true that he rebelled, as was only natural, against being degraded into a mere "signing machine." He tried to assert his influence in politics again and again, but he was over-ruled at every real crisis by the Prime Minister of the day, beginning with Balfour and ending with "C.-B." He had the good sense to realize that the atmosphere had changed since his mother's day, and he resigned himself to a definitely minor but none the less an important rôle—he tried to keep the peace and prevent upheavals at home and abroad which, as he well knew, might threaten the stability of the throne, along with other accepted things.

An excellent article in a Conservative paper is the only reference I have seen to the centenary of the birth of Sir William Harcourt, on October 14th. To the men of my generation the fierce old fighter is already a shadowy figure, recalled now and then when one's eyes light on his imposing portrait on the wall of the club. I remember well seeing him in his last days when he was broken and feeble, on his way to a meeting in Lancashire, tenderly supported by his son Lewis, whose devotion was a legend, and a beautiful one. I remember hearing the speech, which was in truth a poor performance, and wondering, in youthful arrogance, on what that resounding reputation was based. In those days Sir William Harcourt was still a mighty personality in politics; his aggressive bulk, physical and mental, had made its deep impression on the popular imagination. Stories of his arrogance and ill-temper—which were only displayed, to his own lasting hurt, in public life—were common, and he was regarded as the tragic case of a man who had missed the highest success by his own avoidable fault. His last years seemed to be the final act of a political tragedy—the tragedy of a great man of the eighteenth century vainly asserting himself in a changed and unsympathetic world. Acton said of him that he appeared to take a malicious delight in making enemies, but those who suffered took an ample revenge. At this distance, when the dust has long since settled, he emerges—a man cast in the heroic mould and the author of one of the most revolutionary of financial changes, the opening of a new chapter in democratic taxation.

KAPPA.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE BALANCE OF TRADE

SIR,—In your issue of October 1st you have shown very clearly that there is a *prima facie* case for feeling disturbed—or at least very puzzled—about our present international equilibrium. With further facts it may be demonstrable that there is no cause for alarm—without them, the probabilities point strongly in the direction of cumulative instability. The key to the situation and the first thing to be ascertained in any inquiry into facts, is the American (and other) short-period investment in Great Britain reputedly set up by the differential Bank rates. It is not so much a question whether there is a large sum on deposit in London, as to whether this sum has been so substantially increasing during the past three years as to provide a solution to the arithmetical problem. And I confess to some doubt as to whether the indications support this view. To establish this, assistance by the London Banks here would be necessary, and it might be checked if the finance houses of the United States could also be led to assist. Failing such a tendency as this, has the long-period or permanent investment in British Industrials or loans been increasing substantially? Failing this, should not the balance of trade computations themselves be overhauled?

The factors are not intrinsically different from what they were before the foreign loan embargo was lifted, but the residual one is no longer held in check. Indeed, foreign investment seems to be no longer a residual, but to be the leader in the team, and one of the other factors in the equation must be residual.

So long as an economically artificial factor exists, such as an arrangement to maintain one Bank rate higher than another, for whatever reason it might be due, the resultant equation of economic forces must be unstable, and as a nation we ought to know what risks, if any, we are carrying and measure them against the advantages secured.

I have every sympathy, therefore, with your plea for "more light."—Yours, &c., J. C. STAMP.

Tantallon, Park Hill Road, Shortlands, Kent.

October 5th, 1927.

SIR,—The argument of the article under the above heading in THE NATION of October 1st seems to include in its premises an assumption which I think cannot be true as a general proposition, and may not be true as applied to present circumstances.

That assumption is that the only available source of capital for foreign investments is the net margin of income drawn from foreign trade—including in that term the proceeds of past investments abroad.

As you point out, the Board of Trade estimates that margin as £54 millions for 1925, nil for 1926; and yet our foreign investments in the form of public issues, according to the Midland Bank statement for 1926, amounted to £112 millions.

I suggest that foreign investments may be made from the net internal income of the nation. No nation can commence to make foreign investments until it reaches the condition of producing more than it consumes. It can then invest some of its surplus abroad; and will do so in proportion to the relative attractions of home and foreign investments to the individual investors. This will continue after the nation has established itself as a creditor nation. There will be a tendency to leave the proceeds of foreign investments abroad where and when conditions are favourable; and proceeds so left will not figure in the national imports.

Conversely, the net income from foreign investments may be in part invested in domestic enterprises, there is no necessity to re-export it.

The foreign investments of the last few years may have been to some extent investments of home savings. Some part may have been of foreign origin; e.g., U.S.A. investors may have subscribed to the issues made here, using credits from imports into the U.K. and elsewhere.

As to the short-term borrowing which your article suggests may have been drawn upon to finance long-term lending; American balances left here on short notice will—I

imagine—be mostly in the hands of the banks, bill-brokers, &c., who are hardly likely to convert such credits into non-liquid securities. But I have no inside knowledge about this.

The accumulations of American credits in London may be a symptom of the position of the U.S.A. as a creditor nation on a rapidly increasing scale which—by its fiscal policy—interposes barriers to the receipt of the income from its foreign investments. The U.S.A. has passed from the position of a debtor to that of a creditor nation well within living memory. Its excess of production over consumption (and internal investment) has enabled it—first, to discharge its foreign indebtedness; secondly, to invest largely abroad; illustrating the argument above set out that it is only by excess production over consumption that any nation can commence to invest abroad.

If the U.S.A. is leaving abroad a large part of the proceeds of its foreign investments that may be a rather good thing for us, as tending to conserve the position of London as the international exchange centre; and making money cheaper here.

A sudden alteration of the policy of leaving American credits here might have serious results on both sides of the Atlantic.

Artificial encouragement of the accumulation of American credits by manipulation of the official rates of discount seems to have its limitations; for on neither side of the ocean can credit be forced on users, or forced from holders, at rates very far from those dictated by the supply and demand conditions; beyond some limited quantity.

The subject of the position of the U.S.A. as a creditor nation with a high tariff, and how it will develop, is one of great interest, but leads away from the particular matter here discussed. The American investor must some day wish to get some of his income home, and then things may happen.

—Yours, &c.,

HENRY M. SAYERS.

9, Knollys Road, Streatham, S.W.16.

October 3rd, 1927.

[Certainly, we maintain that "the only available source of capital for foreign investments is the net margin of income drawn from foreign trade—including in that term the proceeds of past investments abroad." To use a phrase which is now familiar, foreign investments can only be made out of an "export surplus." To lose the export surplus and yet to continue to make the foreign investments is to head for trouble.—ED., NATION.]

LONGFELLOW AND THE SITWELLS

SIR,—It seems rather a pity that the all too rare appearance of a poem of mine in the columns of the public Press should be manufactured into an occasion for the boosting of Longfellow. Mr. Palmer states that Longfellow has written many true poems, and that I have not. This is a matter of opinion; but though I may be mistaken, I cannot help thinking that I am rather younger than Longfellow was when he died? This belief, if an erroneous one, may be founded on the fact that I have not as yet grown a beard—though, incidentally I was only to-day mistaken for Mr. Lytton Strachey.

Mr. Herbert Palmer is welcome to his own judgment of my poetry; but if he thinks that he can do it better, let him come up and try. At the same time, I really cannot allow him to call my life a zigzag one.

As for Miss Sitwell's poems, may I suggest to Mr. Palmer that her work shows a consistent aim in one direction and a quite steady point of view. Zigzag is certainly the last word that should be applied to her.—Yours, &c.,

OSBERT SITWELL.

2, Carlyle Square, Chelsea, S.W.3.

October 7th, 1927.

SIR,—Is not Mr. Herbert Palmer guilty of the fault with which he charges (rightly, I think) Mr. Woolf? That is, of trying to tell the truth by means of exaggeration? If it is an exaggeration to say that Longfellow wrote not a line of poetry, it is equally extravagant to say that the three

Sitwells between them have not written one poem. Mr. Palmer's attempt to distinguish between isolated verses which are poetry, and the completed unity of a poem, which must be worth more than the sum of its parts, is very suggestive when applied to poets so diverse as Longfellow and the Sitwells, but he pushes the distinction too far when he asserts that "quite good poems often contain no single line of poetry." The only sense in which this could be true is that a "quite good poem's" value depends on the presence of every line and the place of every word, so that to take out a few lines from the context is like taking a sea-anemone out of the environment which feeds its beauty. If parts of a poem can easily be isolated without loss of life, they approach to the state of completeness, *i.e.*, of being poems. If this disintegration occurs in a fairly brief piece there is a great wastage of power and a consequently diminished excitement of pleasure in the reader. But it has before been observed that a long poem, like "Paradise Lost," may (perhaps must) show this centrifugal tendency of the imagination, and may still be a powerful work if the tension of the more intellectual centripetal movement is to some extent maintained. If space permitted the quotation of poems here, I should very easily be able to disprove the assertion that the Sitwells have not written any true poems. Miss Edith Sitwell might perhaps seem to be the least easily defended on the score of homogeneity in her poems, but I will mention three or four titles of poems at once out of at least a dozen I can think of, which I would challenge Mr. Palmer to say are not complete, self-consistent "poems": all four "Nocturnes" and "The Drunkard" in "The Wooden Pegasus"; "Duckie" in "Clowns' Houses"; "The Hambone and the Heart" in "Rustic Elegies."

The Sitwells do not really need my defence, except that many people who hold unfavourable opinions about them have not yet read their work. Perhaps I may therefore, in explanation and atonement, subscribe myself,—Yours, &c.,

R. L. MÉGROZ,

Author of "The Three Sitwells."

Savage Club, W.C.

October 8th, 1927.

SIR,—As an American citizen and sometime College Professor of the English Faculty, I feel myself obligated most heartily to concur in all Mr. Woolf has said of the writer, Longfellow. Doubly so, as the latter was a connection by marriage of my wife; and I am perhaps not unknown on the other side of the Atlantic as a humble citizen of the Republic of Letters.

I cannot, however, let pass what your correspondent has said of the Sitwell family. His criticism (I must surely add) is both indiscriminate and ill-informed. I could name not less than twenty poems by the Sitwell fraternity which will live as long as the English tongue endures, and to Mr. Osbert Sitwell especially I feel always that *nihil humanum alienum est*. I judge that Mr. Palmer puts forward the view of the plain man, and though his homely bluntness wins my sympathy, I would repeat (gently though it be) that he is mistaken.—Yours, &c.,

GEORGE ELIAS BAINES, A.M. (Cal.).

The Royal Automobile Club, London, S.W.1.

October 7th, 1927.

MISS MEW'S SONG

SIR,—Being a Tory, I admire THE NATION. Unlike other Reviews, it is a tonic—not a sedative. Naturally, I am not always clever enough to follow some of your intellectual subtleties, but generally I get the drift of them—until to-day: I refer to some matter printed under the above heading.

What I make of this is, that it is a concession to the modern craze of Publicity: the insertion of an arresting advertisement as literary matter in the body of your Review; a practice that is certainly not in consonance with the ethical principles you appear to advocate, and one that I view with regret.

Presumably Messieurs Osbert Sitwell are eminent Hydro-

static (or Hydrotherapeutic) Engineers, with commodious offices in Victoria Street, and elegant showrooms in places like Pancsova and Zupaniatz. They are people with insight who foresee the next great Labour cry: "Hot water in every home."

And it is a safe deduction from their use of the reiterative that they are root and branch Liberals. But there is a flaw in their argument.

In an old house like this, it is true that "The hotter the boiler gets, the hotter the pipes get," but it is still more true that we never get hot water. We never do. We have hundreds of yards of pipes, and we have heat—and no hot water.

And now my point is. There are so many people to-day informing us by suggestion of their ability to give us something we really want—such as hot water—that I feel called on to ask you, sir, before inserting more matter about "pipes and boilers," to ascertain if these people do actually provide hot water, and if they do not, what on earth is it that they are getting at. And if they truly are hot water experts, why not print their notices in the Financial Section, with which the subject seems to have some affinity?—Yours, &c.,

WALTER S. GALLIE.

The Tower, Lenzie, Dunbartonshire.
October 1st, 1927.

M. HALÉVY'S WORKS

SIR,—In the review of the English translation of M. Elie Halévy's "History of the English People in 1830-41," appearing in the current issue of THE NATION, your reviewer observes that the same author's "Formation du Radicalisme philosophique" is still untranslated. This work has, in fact, been translated by Mrs. C. R. Morris; and the translation will be published early next year by Messrs. Faber & Gwyer.—Yours, &c.,

GEOFFREY FABER.

All Souls' College, Oxford.
October 8th, 1927.

PERSONAL SERVICE: AN APPEAL

SIR,—The Howard League for Penal Reform has for its object "the right treatment of delinquency and the prevention of crime." It approaches penal problems therefore both from the practical and the theoretical standpoint; practical, because the "right treatment of delinquency" involves inquiry into the working of penal methods including the prison system in this and other countries; theoretical, because "the prevention of crime" involves psychological and social study of the character and antecedents of the delinquent. In neither case can the necessity for altering both the law and its administration in certain respects be omitted.

It is evident that there is plenty of scope here for social work of fundamental importance.

The resources of the Howard League are insufficient financially to carry on the work as we feel it should be carried on: but we are not appealing in this letter for money: what we are appealing for is personal service.

This country is rich in men of some means and leisure who devote themselves to public work. We appeal for some recognition of our needs by a man whose enthusiasm has not been sapped by experience, and whose legal knowledge has not choked his humanity. We need an assistant with legal qualifications, resident in or near London, who would work in an honorary capacity in our office under our Secretary.

Communications should be made, in the first instance, in writing, and addressed to the Hon. Secretary at the Office of the Howard League, 23, Charing Cross, S.W.1.—Yours, &c.,

HENRY BENTINCK,
President.
SARA MARGERY FRY,
Chairman.
GERTRUDE EATON,
Vice-Chairman.

September 20th, 1927.

BROWN & WHITE BREAD

By PROFESSOR V. H. MOTTRAM.

IN the hammer and tongs controversy, which is now waging concerning the relative merits of brown and white breads, one thing, I fear, will be overlooked by the general public, and that is that the fundamental necessary facts have not yet been acquired. This can only be accomplished by further experimentation on a large and carefully thought-out plan. Until that is done I think it wise to sound a note of caution and to say that the case for brown bread does not stand upon unassailable ground, and that it is doubtful if, on the evidence to hand, it would be reasonable to attempt a wholesale alteration of the dietetic habits of a nation.

The arguments put forward for the use of brown bread instead of white are: that it contains more protein, that its protein is of better quality, and that it yields more mineral matter, more roughage, and more vitamin B. I think that each of these statements is unassailable, and at first sight the case for brown bread would appear overwhelming. We need the protein for growth and repair, the mineral matter to make bones and teeth, the roughage to govern the activity of the large intestine, and vitamin B for the proper functioning of nerve and alimentary tract.

None the less the arguments are not "good enough." If people doubt this let them try the effect of growing young animals upon brown and white breads respectively. Take, say, a dozen young white rats (six males and six females) and put them on brown bread and water, and another dozen of the same age and weight on white bread and water. After six weeks compare their sizes, weights, activities, &c. I fear that the experimenters will be as astonished at the result as I was. Such experiments were carried out under my own eye. It needed a very close inspection to distinguish between the two sets of animals! Brown and white breads seem to be equally poor forms of food when taken by themselves.

I wish that other scientific workers would repeat these experiments—not that I doubt that the results would be the same—for the more confirmation of them which we can obtain the better.

Of course, I know that no one proposes that the nation should be fed upon brown bread or upon white bread only. That would be absurd. The problem is: Shall we eat brown bread with our meat, vegetables, cheese, and fruit, or shall we eat white?

Now the only way that I can see to settle this matter is to make some preliminary experiments upon the white or piebald rat, and if the results appear promising to try them upon growing children. Strike an average of the diet (say) of the middle classes: so much meat, so much bread, so much vegetables, so much cheese, &c., per day. Then feed two lots of twelve animals on this diet. Put white bread in the diet of one group of animals and brown bread in the other. In scientific language, vary only one factor of the diet, viz., the bread.

If there is even the remotest indication of a positive result in favour of one or other type of bread, then the results should be tested on young growing children. The Ministry of Health, in conjunction with the Medical Research Council, carried out an experiment of this type on children in a charitable institution. The value of milk was then being tested. The same could be done with bread. One house of the institution with forty inmates could have brown bread in their diet along with the meat, &c., and the others could have white. If there was any marked difference at the end of a year or so, the whole controversy would be settled. We should know whether, in all except

extreme cases, we ought to be eating brown or white bread.

A criticism of this type of experiment would be along the lines that this would not show whether the poor should eat brown or white bread. Bread forms such a large proportion of the poor man's diet that possibly the superior value of brown or white might show there whereas it would not show in a middle-class diet. Well, it would be easy to modify the experiment to meet this argument. We have a vast amount of data concerning what the poor eat, and we could repeat the experiments upon the young rats with such a diet. One lot could be fed with brown bread and one with white in addition to the other items.

If such an experiment, or sets of experiments, proved that brown bread is much better than white, the writer, for one, would have to revise his opinion, which is that *so far as experiment has gone* there is not a jot or tittle of experimental proof that brown bread in a mixed diet is better than white. The campaign for brown bread is based on arm-chair reasoning—always a futile method of arriving at truth when experiments can be made—backed up by hearsay evidence of what may have happened in Kut-el-Amara or in Labrador, when all sorts of other factors may have been operating as well.

Nothing will result from continuing the argument about brown and white breads except loss of temper, befogging of the issue and the scaring to death of elderly laymen who cannot be expected to sift evidence on a semi-scientific subject by the fear that they are developing cancer as the result of eating the wrong sort of bread.

It should be obvious to people who care for truth that the controversy ought to be dropped until a little more experimental evidence has been won. Nothing but sore heads can come from the present discussion, while, from a few hundred pounds spent on experimentation, light upon the most important problem of the country, the relations of diet and health, will be obtained.

THREE COLS

WHAT is a Col, you say? Everyone who has visited the French Pyrenees knows that it is one of those lofty passes over what would otherwise be all but untraversable mountains. Some of them have been made easy of access by road; others are approachable only by mule-paths or tracks. But all of them produce in the traveller the same sensations. Slowly, laboriously perhaps, he mounts a path which bends back upon itself so persistently that at times it seems to be leading him no higher. He reaches at last that longed-for neck of the mountain which breaks the sharp horizon, and after one look back at the curving ribbon of road and the snow-capped peaks behind him, takes a few steps over the pass to contemplate more twisting miles below and a new vision of distant hills on the other side.

To me the two most delectable spots in the French Pyrenees are Cauterets and Luchon, two towns some ninety miles apart, both renowned for the efficacy of their waters, the softness of their climate, and the profusion of their flowers in June. But perhaps the finest stretch on the French side of that noble range is the mountain road which lies between them, a road no one should miss. Locally it is known as the road of the three Cols from the three lofty passes which have beaten many a car and dismayed the stoutest walkers. And the reason none should miss it is that these Cols are so completely unlike one another that to cross them all in succession speaks more eloquently than any other single experience of the variety of the Pyrenees.

The Col du Tourmalet—the French word at once suggests snowstorms and winter—is the bleakest and severest of all the passes climbed by the mountain road of the French Pyrenees. From Luz to Barèges the road has followed the tranquil, fertile course of the Cave du Bastan; once through the street of Barèges it begins to mount. The Gave divides into threads of running water which are fed by the rillels trickling down the grassy hills. Higher and higher climbs the road, till the white cows feeding on the opposite slopes of the valley look first like goats, then like dots, and at last are hardly visible. And still the road climbs higher.

Not a tree is to be seen either around, above, or beyond. The grass, once of a velvety green, is thin and patchy; nothing grows but an ugly scrub and occasional tufts of heath. Still the road climbs, skirting patches of dark shadow, running away for awhile from its goal, then winding round and facing it again. The streams in the valley are tiny threads of glass. The last cottage is hundreds of feet below. Now even the remnants of grass are disappearing, and the slopes are strewn with stones and shale, while the grimness of the saw-like crags outlined against the azure sky becomes clearer as we approach them. Again we lose sight of the *col*, this time for longer than before. Then—a sudden turn, and almost before we know it we are over the top.

How lovely after these solitudes is the lofty Col d'Aspin: its name by chance is an anagram of *sapin*, and its glorious forests of fir and pine live in the memory. All around the approach lie the famous quarries of Campan, and slabs of newly hewn marble lie about the valley as we climb the bracken slopes and enter the welcome shade of the flower-strewn forests. Glimpsed through the trees, the country below us seems greener and more beautiful than from the open. Here and there dark masses of trees beyond tell of more and more shady miles. One lingers gratefully and mounts slowly.

Then out into the open. The goal is visible now. Green slopes—how green, even in August!—and the *col* marked by a tiny house. More forest-road—and this time we succumb to the temptation, and rest. Then the final stages of our climb, with a stiff breeze blowing, and great tracts of dense black forest on either side below.

The summit comes gently. An ocean of tree-tops below, a forest of peaks in each and every direction around. Below and beyond, the tiny village of Aspin caught tightly between two hills. On the crest of the slope—peace, and fat white sheep grazing happily beneath the azure sky.

Peyresourde: has the name a menacing sound? Not at all. Peyresourde speaks neither of severity nor of richness: it expresses the spirit of the countryside at its best.

The valley is a broad one, comfortably peopled; eight or nine villages at least as visible from the hillside; streams are everywhere. We climb between grassy banks, and though the snowy mountains in the background seem nearer than ever before, the countryside around is at its gayest. It has a long, low crossing, this *col*. Flowers, streams, and an occasional spreading tree—not forests—make one linger. The grass is never greener, and so the sky seems never bluer than here.

Even at the summit, as we cross the *col* itself, clumps of purple heather are the nearest approach to barrenness. No sheep are here, but all the way up we have seen them, quietly grazing, or as quietly sleeping in the shade.

The valley beyond is as populous as the valley behind.

One feels that this is the country indeed—the country. Tourmalet is grand to look upon, Aspin glorious to remember, but in Peyresourde one could comfortably make one's home.

A. P.

CARRION CROWS IN LONDON, 1927

THE recently issued Report for 1926 of the Committee on Bird Sanctuaries in the Royal Parks records that the Carrion Crow nested, or was believed to have nested, in Richmond Park and Bushey Park. The record appears, without comment, in two lists relating to the parks in question; but to the country-born citizen the nesting of so wild and wary a bird so near to London is more worthy of remark than the brief visits to London itself of summer or autumn migrants, the naturalization of rare members of the duck family, or even the fact that the spotted flycatcher nested in Hyde Park and in Kensington Gardens.

To us country folk, who will never be anything but aliens in London, however long we reside there, the mere sight of carrion crows quartering the ground of the parks like any starling will always be a cause for wonderment, just as are London's amazing wood pigeons; for, in the country, the carrion crow, no doubt owing to a long history of persecution, both as a robber and murderer and as a bird of ill omen, holds himself bitterly aloof from human kind. In the timbered vales he nests in the highest and most solitary tree he can find, whence he has a wide outlook and can depart before he has been seen; on the moors he chooses a thick thorn bush, which, by its position, gives him the same advantage. Seldom can he be studied at close range—one might almost say never, except when he has fed, not wisely but too well, on the carcase of a dead sheep or lamb, and, gorged beyond repletion, can with difficulty rise from the ground.

In London the crows are almost tame. They do not yet compete with the sparrows for breadcrumbs thrown by friendly park loiterers, but they will search for food within ten or twenty yards of you, and one at least used often to come to our nursery window to share the food put out for the sparrows and starlings. Like all the corvidæ, they are practically omnivorous, and it is doubtful whether they really merit their unsavoury name. A carcase is treasure trove, of which the crow makes the most, but normally the crows work as hard for their living as any other birds.

Even in London their native wariness returns to them at nesting time. During last winter and very early spring, my small son and I, in the course of our matutinal walks with the dogs, met them almost daily, but, about March, we missed them for some time and I thought they had withdrawn to the country to nest. Then, one day in April, we observed, near the top of a lofty elm tree just beginning to put forth its leaves, a nest with an outer structure of sticks, and we thought we could see projecting over the edge of it something very like the tail of a crow. As the leaves developed, observation became increasingly difficult, but we could still distinguish the outline of the nest and, generally, that dark object showing over the brim. That it was not always there was convincing evidence that it was the tail of a sitting bird, but never did we see a crow flying in the neighbourhood. My son goes to school and I to work, so our opportunities for bird watching are limited. Nevertheless, the self-effacement of the crows was remarkable; whatever was going on at the top of that tree, the crows were determined to keep it dark.

I was away from London for most of the first half of May; but, shortly after my return and on the very eve of another enforced departure, I had the proof I sought that young crows had been hatched in London not more than, say, seventy-five yards from a much-frequented main thoroughfare. I was not far from the tree where the nest was when a crow flew over me with its crop bulging with food. A family of young birds must be fed at frequent intervals and the old birds are thus compelled to be bold, so I felt certain that I had but to wait to mark the bird down to the nest. I took station where I could keep the nest in view. The crow alighted in a tree near by, from which he presently flew over the nest, but, seeing me, as I surmised, would not visit it. From tree to tree he flew, occasionally uttering a deep croak suggestive rather of that of a raven than of the usual somewhat highly pitched call of the crow. I took cover under another tree from which I could still command a view of so much of the nest as was just visible through the screen of leaves. The wary bird made three separate attempts to reach the nest, but each time it saw me and passed on. Then it flew to a position behind me where I could not see it and presumably it could not see me, and that appeared to satisfy it, for very soon it flew straight to the nest. It was obvious from the movements that I could distinguish that it was distributing the contents of its crop, and then it flew straight away visibly unburdened. A minute or two later another crow appeared from the opposite direction and, alighting quietly on one of the lowest limbs of the tree, ascended branch by branch to within a few feet of the nest. This was apparently a precautionary visit of inspection, for, without actually entering the nest, it flew away.

I had to leave London that afternoon and, when I returned, nearly three weeks later, there was no sign of crows to be seen anywhere near the tree where the nest was; nor did I see anything of them for several days. But one morning towards mid-June I saw one in the nesting tree and another in a tree hard by. They were old birds, and they seemed to be courting. One which I took to be the male performed quiet antics, drooping his tail, spreading and fluttering his wings and raising his head with a soft crooning note which I had never heard before. The other joined him and responded coyly, as it seemed to me, to his advances. I was led to think that the brood had suffered disaster and the old birds were contemplating a fresh start. But a few days later, in the evening, I saw a family party of crows on the roof of a neighbouring house, and I have since met them in the trees round about where the nest was. The behaviour of the young birds, fluttering their wings and asking for food, dispelled any doubt I had that the brood I was interested in had been successfully reared.

Hundreds of people pass daily almost beneath the tree in which the crows nested, but I doubt whether anyone except my son and I was aware that here in the heart of London a pair of our wildest and variest native-birds was producing and rearing a brood. If every passer-by had been treated with the suspicion which I encountered, the feeding of the brood must have been a nerve-racking business. But I doubt whether the parent crows, though cautious, were seriously worried. They have probably realized that the average Londoner is not observant. Just as the wary rook keeps well away from a man on foot with a gun or even a stick, but approaches boldly a man on horseback, so the carrion crow of London, suspicious of a stationary watcher near his nest, regards the passing London crowd with comparative indifference. For birds do think and reason, whatever the pundits may say!

MORYS GASCOYEN.

PLAYS AND PICTURES

ONE cannot be sufficiently grateful for good entertainment, and I defy the most blasé theatre-goer not to be entertained by the adaptation of Merejkovsky's play "Paul I." now being presented at the Court Theatre. One is tempted to dismiss it as simple melodrama, but that would be unjust to its merits as a study of character. True, perhaps, that its popularity will spring from its melodramatic qualities, but its real worth lies in the picture drawn of the insane Tsar. This touches greatness in its creation, and the unhappy being is very finely interpreted by Mr. George Hayes. If Mr. Hayes is provided with a few more such parts and is able to fill them to such advantage, there can be no hesitation in predicting that he will top our stage and out-top every one of his fellow actors. "Paul I." is the first play to see at the present moment if only, apart from all other merits, for the production of its second act, when revolution is bred in the vinous atmosphere of an officer's mess. No tribute could be too exaggerated to pay to Mr. Komisarjevsky's skill in the production of this scene.

The prevailing note at the Little Theatre on the second night of "Their Wife" was fog. As to whether a clearer atmosphere would have revealed hidden merits in the entertainment it would perhaps be uncharitable to guess, but as it was, the stage was barely visible from the stalls, and Mr. Frank Stayton's little farce had not sufficient drive to compel more than an intermittent attention from the listeners-in. Now and then there were sparks of humour which Miss Athene Seyler and an exceptionally capable company all but succeeded in disguising as wit. But it was an uphill fight, and not even glimpses of Mr. Nigel Playfair hiding behind a military and (for no apparent reason) blue moustache could persuade us that the play was any less uninspired than its title. Next time Mr. Stayton essays a farce, he would be well advised to pay more attention to construction and less to facetiousness of dialogue. In the former respect "Their Wife" commits a sin for which there is no forgiveness: not only is there practically no logical development of the initial situation (the improbability of which is quite legitimate), but the first act is crammed full of narrative exposition which could only be justified if the play depended on character rather than on comic invention, a hypothesis which in farce is unthinkable. It is just possible that Mr. Stayton intended his piece to be regarded as comedy—for once the programme is silent on this point—but if so his method damns him from the start.

I cannot pretend to have been much moved by the Jewish film "The Chosen People" now being shown at the Avenue Pavilion, Shaftesbury Avenue. It is a study of persecution by pre-war Russian pro-consuls of a Polish Jewish community. They are released in the end by Divine intervention, but their troubles are so lugubriously and tediously told that even a friendly audience becomes restive. Some part of the profits, we were told, will be devoted to a home for Aged Jews. We hope perhaps that with that good object in view audiences may submit to witnessing this dull film, which is, however, enlivened now and again by some excellent pictures of Polish life.

The enterprising Miss Elsa Lanchester and Mr. Harold Scott have reopened their dance and cabaret club, the "Cave of Harmony" (originally in Charlotte Street and then in Gower Street), to new premises at the old Grapes Inn, Seven Dials. The club now consists of three main rooms—a supper-room, which is almost literally a "cave," being situated in the large and picturesque old cellar of the original inn, a dancing-room, and a refreshment-room, part of which can be turned into a stage for the weekly cabaret performance on Friday nights. It is the intention of the

directors to maintain the former high standard of these performances, whether they be short plays, dialogues, songs or dances. On the opening night Miss Lanchester and Mr. Scott themselves gave an extremely amusing "turn," consisting of music-hall songs, old and new: they have both of them a most original and charming talent for the "revue intime" type of entertainment. Last week Strindberg's one-act play "The Pariah" was given. It is a dialogue between two criminals, one of whom has served his sentence while the other has escaped undetected, and is a remarkable and moving piece of dramatic writing: it was admirably acted by Mr. Michael Sherbrooke and Mr. Geoffrey Dunlop.

There has just been opened, and will remain open for some months, at the Southwark Central Public Library, Walworth Road, S.E., an extremely fascinating exhibition of printed books, representing four and a half centuries of printing. The books shown are all from the collection of Mr. Thomas Gilbert, and there is one book for every year from 1472 to 1927. Thus the aim of the exhibition is not so much to show a collection of rare or valuable books—though naturally among the collection there are many such—as to illustrate the development of printing from its earliest beginnings to the present day. Printers of most of the principal European countries are represented here, and among them many of the most famous—Aldus, Koberger, Giunti, Gerard de Lisa, Vendelin de Spira, Locatellus, Ratdolt, Plantin, and others, and among the English printers, Caxton, whose "Golden Legend," printed in 1493, is shown, Wynkyn de Worde, Caxton's pupil, whose "Polichronicon" shows the first music printed in England, Barker, Jugge, Jaggard, Baskerville, and Foulis. An edition of the "Pickwick Papers," printed in 1838 by Dowling, of Launceston, Van Diemen's Land, is of particular interest as showing an early specimen of colonial printing.

A recently opened exhibition at the Leicester Galleries contains drawings by Fantin-Latour, paintings by Mr. Orlando Greenwood, and paintings of Tunisia by Baron Rodolphe d'Erlanger. Of the last two little need be said: Mr. Greenwood is a painter of landscapes, portraits, allegorical pieces and porcelain figures whose great skill and high finish have already been rewarded with the success they no doubt deserve; Baron Rodolphe d'Erlanger conveys, with some skill also, picturesque impressions of picturesque subjects. Fantin's drawings are a very different matter. He was not among the most important painters of his time, but limited though his powers no doubt were he was an artist of great sensitiveness and perfect sincerity. He is best known—in this country at any rate—for his charming flower-paintings, but in these drawings we see another side of his art. They are mostly figure-studies, nudes, studies of musicians, and studies for portraits (there is one of Ingres and one of Fantin himself). Especially good are some of the groups of figures, such as No. 10, "Embroiderers"; No. 58, "Girl Sewing," and No. 15, "A piece by Schumann," in all of which not only is the drawing very delicate and expressive, but the figures are admirably related to each other.

Things to see and hear in the coming week:—

Saturday, October 15th.—

Orchestral Concert for Children, Central Hall, Westminster, 11.

Myra Hess, Recital, Wigmore Hall, 3.

Sunday, October 16th.—

Mr. C. Delisle Burns on "Modern Educational Ideals," South Place, 11.

Repertory Players in Miss Alma Brosnan's play, "At Number 15," at the Garrick.

Film Society—Film, "Taras Bulba," New Gallery Kinema, 2.30.

Monday, October 17th.—

Professor R. Bruynoghe on "The Twort-d'Herelle Phenomenon," Royal Institute of Public Health, 4.

"The Merchant of Venice," at the Lyric, Hammer-smith.

"The Big Drum," at the "Q" Theatre.

Tuesday, October 18th.—

Kathleen Cooper, Pianoforte Recital, Æolian Hall, 8.15.

Mr. T'ang Leang-Li on "The International Position of China," King's College, Campden Hill, 6.

Wednesday, October 19th.—

Professor H. J. Laski on "Victorian Democracy," Kingsway Hall, 8.30.

Mr. Beaumont Pease on "Banking—Nerves of Commerce," Economic League Lecture, Caxton Hall, 10.30.

Elsie Playfair, Violin Recital, Wigmore Hall, 3.

Thursday, October 20th.—

Professor Julian S. Huxley on "The Population Conference at Geneva"—C.B.C. General Meeting, Essex Hall, 8.

Sir Alfred Mond on "Chemical Industry—a forcing-bed for Miracles," Economic League Lecture, Caxton Hall, 11.

Friday, October 21st.—

Agostino Pellegrini, Song Recital, Wigmore Hall, 8.15.

OMICRON.

STREETS

STREETS beneath an Eastern sunshine
Out Persia way,
Where the gaily turban'd merchants
Haggle all day :

Streets where caravans come straggling
From a far land,
Where sad travel-weary camels,
And tired men stand :

Streets through which there ever echoes
The muezzins' cry
From where the slender minarets
Stab at the sky :

Streets where you will see the red lamps,
And almond eyes
Beckon from between the shutters
To him who buys :

Streets beneath a tropic moon-light
Where tall palms sway,
Leading to a golden sea-shore :
Streets where goats play

Happy between reed-thatch'd mud huts,
And parakeets
Flit from tree to tree at mid-day, . . .
Hot, sultry streets :

Streets just lined with little cafés
Under the trees,
Where the air is full of laughter
And sun-kiss'd breeze :

Streets that overlook a blue sea, . . .
Houses all white,
Dress'd with many coloured sun-blinds,
Basking in light :

These and these I've seen, yet somehow
Thoughts ever stray
Back to London streets at twilight,
Mud-splash'd and grey.

A. R. U.

THEATRES.

ALDWYCH.

(Gerrard 5525.)

Nightly at 8.15. Matinees, Wednesday and Friday, at 2.30.

"THARK."

TOM WALLS, Mary Brough, RALPH LYNN.

AMBASSADORS.

(Ger. 4460.) EVENINGS, 8.30. MAT., FRI. 2.30.

Last week of MARIE TEMPEST in

"THE SPOT ON THE SUN."

By JOHN HASTINGS TURNER.

COURT,

Sloane Square.

(Sloane 5137.)

NIGHTLY at 8.30.

"PAUL I." By MEREJKOVSKY.

(A Komisarjevski Production.)

MATINEES, Thursday and Saturday, at 2.30.

CRITERION THEATRE.

(Ger. 3844.) 8.30. Mats., Tues., Sat., 2.30.

GUY NEWALL in

"WHEN BLUE HILLS LAUGHED."

DRURY LANE.

EVGS., 8.15.

MATS., WED. and SAT., at 2.30.

"THE DESERT SONG." A New Musical Play.

HARRY WELCHMAN. EDITH DAY. GENE GERRARD.

DUKE OF YORK'S.

(Ger. 0513.) "THE BELOVED VAGABOND."

A Musical Play.

LILIAN DAVIES, FREDERICK RANALOW, MABEL RUSSELL.

NIGHTLY at 8.15.

MATINEES, WEDNESDAY & SATURDAY, 2.30.

FORTUNE THEATRE.

Regent 1307.

NIGHTLY, at 8.30.

MATINEES, THURS. & SAT., at 2.30.

"ON APPROVAL." By FREDERICK LONSDALE.

ELLIS JEFFREYS.

RONALD SQUIRE.

KINGSWAY.

(Gerr. 4032.) Nightly, 8.15. Mats., Wed., Thurs. & Sat., 2.30.

JEAN CADELL in

"MARIGOLD."

LYRIC Hammersmith.

Riverside 3012.

MONDAY NEXT at 8.

Matinees, Wednesday & Saturday, 2.30.

The OLD VIC COMPANY with SYBIL THORNDIKE in

"THE MERCHANT OF VENICE."

PRINCES.

(Ger. 3400.)

"COMPROMISING DAPHNE."

By Valentine (Part Author of "Tons of Money").

JOHN DEVERELL.

JOAN BARRY.

Nightly at 8.30.

Matinees, Wed. & Sat., at 2.30.

POP. PRICES.

ROYALTY.

(Ger. 2690.)

NIGHTLY, 8.30. Mats., Wed. & Sat., 2.30.

"THE CROOKED BILLET." By DION TITHERADGE.

Leon Quartermaine, Mercia Swinburne, Barbara Gott, C. V. France.

ST. MARTIN'S.

Gerr. 3416.

Evgs., 8.30.

Mats., Tues. & Fri., 2.30.

"THE SILVER CORD." By SIDNEY HOWARD.

LILIAN BRAITHWAITE.

CLAIRE EAMES.

SHAFTESBURY.

Gerr. 6966.

Evgs., 8.30.

Mats., Wed. & Sat., 2.30.

"THE HIGH ROAD."

A New Comedy by FREDERICK LONSDALE.

STRAND

(Ger. 3830.)

CONNIE EDISS in

"THE ONE-EYED HERRING."

LEON M. LION'S PRODUCTION.

NIGHTLY at 8.30.

Matinees, Thurs. & Sat., 2.30.

WYNDHAM'S.

(Regent 3028.)

EDITH EVANS in

"THE LADY IN LAW."

LEON M. LION'S PRODUCTION.

NIGHTLY at 8.30.

MATINEES, WED. & SAT., 2.30.

CINEMAS.

CAPITOL,

Haymarket, S.W. Continuous DAILY, 1 to 11. SUNS., 6 to 11.

Commencing Sunday, October 16th.

MAE MURRAY in "THE LOVE SONG."

Also

"THE FIRST AUTO" with PATEY RUTH MILLER.

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

LANDOR

THE publication of the "Complete Works of Walter Savage Landor" is what may be called a literary event, a subject for astonishment and rejoicing and some perplexity among literary critics. The first two volumes have been issued (Chapman & Hall, 30s. each volume). They are a noble monument, solid, handsome, and readable. At least fourteen more volumes are to follow, and the edition is limited to five hundred copies for sale in England and America. The editor is Mr. Earle Welby, an enthusiast who, to judge from the first two volumes (containing "Imaginary Conversations," Greek, Roman, and Italian), is going to prove a good editor. He has written a short and sensible preface, and he gives just the right amount of textual information in his notes. It is a pity, I think, that the biographical and critical monograph promised by him, and to be published by the same publishers, was not issued simultaneously with these volumes, as it might have helped to commend them to those for whom Landor is nothing, and will probably remain nothing, but a name.

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The publication of this complete edition is, as I said, among other things, astonishing. The "Works and Life of Walter Savage Landor," edited by John Forster, was published in 1876. The eight volumes stand on my shelves, and I confess to have rarely opened them. An edition in ten volumes, edited by Mr. C. G. Crump, appeared between 1891 and 1901. Mr. Welby says that Forster's edition is full of errors and has many omissions, and that Mr. Crump, though more accurate and scholarly, fails to fill all the gaps left by Forster. Mr. Welby promised to fill these gaps and therefore to give us a complete, and presumably a final, edition. What is astonishing is that these many-volumed monuments should be raised to an author who is only a name to the common reader, who is hardly read at all by the highbrow, and who is practically never read in bulk by anyone.

* * *

The ratio of the consumption (*i.e.*, reading) of authors' works to their reputation is an interesting study. If the ratio is in the case of Longfellow—as readers of *THE NATION* would lead me to believe—100 to 100, in the case of Landor it must be about .1 to 100. Most educated people would say that Walter Savage Landor was a great prose writer; they probably know that he wrote "Imaginary Conversations," and they may or may not have read an extract from one of those "Conversations"—it is ten to one from "Æsop and Rhodope," and the set-piece begins "Laodamia died; Helen died . . ."—in an Anthology. That is about the high-water mark of consumption which Landor reaches with the ordinary educated reader, the man who has read "Urn Burial" all through, and may even have tackled Donne's Sermons. Yet the reputation of Landor remains high. He is a great prose writer; according to some few people he is a very great prose writer; and his collected works are published in eight, ten, and sixteen volumes.

* * *

The unfortunate thing about Landor is that he is unreadable. This is not a merely personal opinion; the fact is obvious from the worried articles of literary critics, none of whom—so far as I have seen—venture deeper in quota-

tion than the anthological extract from "Æsop and Rhodope," or a sentence which is even more often quoted, "I shall dine late; but the dining-room will be well lighted, the guests few and select." Nor did the literary critics of previous generations find him any more readable, as one may see from the excellent essay on him in "Hours in a Library." Yet all these critics, who cannot read Landor, agree that he wrote great prose, beautiful, exquisite pieces of perfect workmanship. Here, then, is a literary problem which requires some explanation, and to me the explanations usually advanced are not very convincing. Landor, we are told, is cold, frigid, stiff, austere, and the mere austerity of his artistry and uncompromising workmanship ensure that he "is not," as Mr. Welby puts it, "the reading of ignorant, indolent, unsensitive persons." This explanation really does not work. Educated, persistent, laborious, and sensitive readers also find Landor unreadable. On the other hand, there are cold, stiff, austere writers, like Thucydides or Tacitus or even Swift, and dozens of writers with elaborate and meticulous technique, whom no moderate highbrow finds unreadable.

* * *

It is not really frigidity, austerity, or consummate craftsmanship which stands in the way of Landor being readable and, as I think, in the way of his being a great prose writer. If you read right through one of the longer conversations, say the "Diogenes and Plato," you get a juster view of his merits and defects than you can possibly get from one or two famous extracts. You will find that he is not a "cold" or "frigid" writer at all; he is so monstrously prejudiced that his thought and language are usually slightly warmed by the heat of his prejudices. He is not an austere writer except in his hatred of all conjunctions and his fondness for a hard outline in his sentences. A characteristic Landorian paragraph beginning "That air, so gentle, so imperceptible to thee, . . ." (it is too long to quote), spoken by Diogenes is florid rather than austere. It is a beautifully written paragraph and the man who wrote it was an extremely good prose writer; but it has a defect which prevents it being great prose, as even the anthology pieces just fail of being great prose. That defect is a curious variety of falseness or unreality. Landor always seemed to be writing prose in the frame of mind of the unfortunate man who is competing for a University prize for the best copy of Latin hexameters or Greek iambics. There are people who can write extraordinarily good, even beautiful, Greek iambics in this way, but if you put them next to the real thing in Sophocles or Euripides, they instantly are seen to be rigidly and frigidly artificial. So with Landor's prose. It is good prose, beautiful prose, sometimes exquisite prose; but it is dead prose, and the reason why it is dead is because it is synthetic, not natural, prose. No one has ever got nearer to producing great prose by synthetic methods than Landor, and the cause of his failure is also the cause of his unreadableness. The prize thesis soon becomes unreadable. No one can go on for long reading this kind of sentence, which Dante's wife addresses to her husband in "Dante and Gemma Donati," "Therefore, promise me that henceforward you will never again be a suitor for embassies abroad, or nail down your noble intellect to the coarse-grained wood of council-boards."

LEONARD WOOLF.

REVIEWS

FICTION

Right Off the Map. By C. E. MONTAGUE. (Chatto & Windus. 7s. 6d.)

These Men, Thy Friends. By EDWARD THOMPSON. (Knopf. 7s. 6d.)

The Man With the Six Senses. By M. JAEGER. (Hogarth Press. 7s. 6d.)

Shaken in the Wind. By RAY STRACHEY. (Faber & Gwyer. 7s. 6d.)

Demophon. By FORREST REID. (Collins. 7s. 6d.)

Her Closed Hands. By PUTNAM WEALE. (Macmillan. 7s. 6d.)

Greenlow. By ROMER WILSON. (Collins. 7s. 6d.)

Passionate Particles. By MARGARET PETERSON. (Benn. 7s. 6d.)

I Speak of Africa. By WILLIAM PLOMER. (Hogarth Press. 7s. 6d.)

The Selected Short Stories of W. L. George. (Chapman & Hall. 7s. 6d.)

A Fairy Leapt upon My Knee. By BEA HOWE. (Chatto & Windus. 6s.)

THESE eleven volumes can for convenience, and perhaps for edification, be divided into groups. The first two are war novels, the second two are concerned with the prospects of a new Messiah, the third two are about distant civilizations, the fourth two are novels of passion, the fifth two are collections of short stories, and the eleventh is a fairy tale in the tradition of Mr. Garnett. If one were to substitute for the second pair a pair of novels about business men, and for the third pair a pair about the interesting immoralities of post-war London, the selection might be representative of the more serious fiction of the day, the single story in Mr. Garnett's tradition giving it, indeed, quite a convincing look. Into some such classification the mass of better fiction tends to run, and a reviewer has generally a clear sense that a novel belongs to one of those kinds before its particular merits force themselves upon him. In reading one novel in a hundred the reverse process takes place, and he recognizes the difference between the merely meritorious and the good.

There is one volume in this list which reverses the process. The three short novels and some of the short stories in "I Speak of Africa" make us accept them in themselves. This is not because Mr. Plomer has a weak grasp of his convention; on the contrary, he uses it with remarkable capability. Nor is it because he is a spontaneous writer; he writes, one imagines, with the utmost conscientious deliberation. His stories are so good because everything in them, every description, every detail, is real, and the conventional stop-gap, the commonplace assumption, which are to be found in most novels, is completely absent. This is a proof of economy and integrity of mind. The diffuseness of the solid, thoughtful contemporary novel is due first to the inability of the author to distinguish between what he thinks about a thing and how he sees it, and secondly to a muddled interest in the confusion thus caused, a confusion which then becomes of induced psychological interest. Mr. Plomer shows that this convention, cumbrous, rather conceited, and at best tentative, is infinitely less effective than the bare and simple statement of the imagination. The conclusions which Mr. Montague and Mr. Thompson laboriously draw for us we draw for ourselves from Mr. Plomer's picture of life, but far more naturally and with far more conviction. As his portrayal is more immediate and economical than the ordinary, it is naturally more vivid as well. We see his characters in unselfconscious motion; they have not been fingered or blunted for us beforehand; we have not been prejudiced against them, or exhorted to understand them. The result is that they come upon us with the shock of actuality. Mr. Plomer has intensity and clarity of vision; he also writes so well as to make even Mr. Montague's accomplished prose seem second-rate.

"Right Off the Map" contains fine episodes, but both as a satire and a novel it is ineffective. It "describes a campaign between the inhabitants of two imaginary countries." Mr. Montague's sentimentality is reflected in his hero, Willan. Willan is a professional soldier who wanders about the world looking for wars, and always believes that he enters on the just side. He is stupid, kind, brave, disinterested, and loyal. It is the first of these qualities as essen-

tially as the others that makes him the faithful servant of the dishonest men who (according to Mr. Montague) engineer wars for their profit. The author execrates the dishonest man, and admires the stupid man; yet it is surely evident that they both share in the evil outcome. Take Willan's stupidity away, and he could not do what he does without losing the finer qualities for which Mr. Montague admires him; a judgment which ignores this is a sentimental judgment. For the rest there is not a single real character in the book, and except for the vignettes of fighting, hardly a real description. Passages such as the following are plentiful: "The voices under the window were much more numerous now. They were all fused together into a level nondescript buzz like that of a full ball-room or banquet-hall. This made a kind of ground colour of sound, with a vague neutral texture or tone of its own, nothing more; it was just a low wash of audible life. But now and again some separate and salient sound would plant itself on this indefinite background and show up against it. A snatch of a song or chorus would break out into clearness. Or some lull would come; the background would pale down, as it were, to a fainter shade of itself, and a single voice would stand out for a little while, undulating in oratorical rises and falls, and so maintain a precarious distinctness till at some burst of laughter or cheers it was re-immersed in the general multitudinous hum." This is one of those passages which make Mr. Montague's style so admired. Yet if its object was to describe the noise made by a crowd, it certainly fails. Intellectual fantasy gets more and more mixed up with the description as it goes on, and fines the object bit by bit away until scarcely any is left. Some of the simpler battle descriptions are vivid and true; but as a whole the book is a failure.

"These Men, Thy Friends," is much better. Mr. Thompson has a surer sense of reality, his judgments are not sentimental, and he writes straightforwardly and well. His story about the Mesopotamian campaign has all the merits a novel about the War can have; its defect no war novel written in our time will be able to avoid. That defect comes from the collective psychological response to the War which no one has been able to escape. This collective psychological response was perhaps necessary, a means of "carrying on," during the War; now it cannot be easily laid aside. The result, however, is that Mr. Thompson, like Mr. Mottram and Mr. Montague, sees the War with a suggested personality. Making allowance for this, his narrative is an extremely honest and fine piece of work.

"The Man with the Six Senses" and "Shaken in the Wind" are both concerned with the possibility of a new Messiah. The first is half-credulous and pseudo-scientific in temper, the second sceptical and humanistic. In quality there is no comparison between them. Mrs. Strachey shows remarkable understanding of a very obscure subject; Mr. Jaeger never touches reality at all; he has nothing but an unconvincing thesis to unfold. It is perhaps a fault in "Shaken in the Wind" that the chief character is not intimately imagined. But religious hallucination is such a difficult subject that a writer may well be tempted to treat it with discretion, though that is only a second-best. The sympathetic detachment, the simplicity and occasional beauty of the narrative, however, make it noteworthy.

"Demophon" is a story about ancient Greece, "Her Closed Hands" a novel of contemporary China. Both authors seem to know their subject well, but again there is no comparison in quality. Mr. Weale's story is quite commonplace, Mr. Reid's is delightful. Demophon is a boy who runs away from home, meets Hermes and Dionysus, is abducted by pirates, put under a spell by a witch, and has many other adventures. In style and imagination the fantasy is equally fine, and some of the scenes have an exquisite romantic charm. There is a jarring facetious note here and there, but as a whole the book is a striking success in a difficult form.

"Greenlow" and "Passionate Particles" are novels of passion. The first is maddeningly monotonous, and for the moment Miss Wilson seems to be quite incapable of invention. How a writer of her ability could have written the book is a mystery. "Passionate Particles," on the other hand, is full of melodramatic incident.

"A Fairy Leapt upon My Knee" is in the tradition of

Mr. Garnett and Miss Warner. It seems to come from a genuine impulse, but it is inferior to its predecessors. The distinguishing quality of this kind of literature, it seems clear enough now, is an "infantile" vision, to use Mr. Wyndham Lewis's term. Its infantilism is not, of course, a final objection against it; a child's imagination may be true; and in pointing out that it is childish we do not deprive it of its truth. The objection to it is that it has not the fullness of adult imagination, and is not fully applicable to experience. Certainly such things as the concrete acceptance of fairies and witches, and the dreamlike atmosphere in which grown-up people move in "Lady Into Fox," "Lolly Willowes," and the present story, are "infantile." There are charming passages in Miss Howe's story, but the action is too slow, and the writing sometimes amateurish.

The late W. L. George's short stories now collected are admirable examples of his craftsmanship.

EDWIN MUIR.

POETRY

The Broken Hearth-Stone. By MARGARET CROPPER. (Philip Allan. 2s. 6d.)

MISS MARGARET CROPPER has an inspiration of her own, or rather of her own and of the Westmorland mountains. There is no one living whose writing gives more impression of direct and intimate converse with nature, and in particular with the wilder parts of North-Western England. It is as sincere and passionate as Wordsworth's, but it is different. Miss Cropper is more of a Christian than Wordsworth was when he wrote his best poetry, and she has also a strain of wilder imagination, which for purposes of description might be called Celtic. Indeed the remarkable poem beginning "Let's talk about Ireland, and the way she was to us when we were young," suggests some directly Celtic inspiration acting upon English nature and tradition.

The most remarkable of the poems are too long for quotation in a review. The poem that gives its name to the volume, "The Broken Hearth-Stone," describing in anthropomorphic drama the reabsorption of a deserted farm into the fellside again, is one of the most powerfully imaginative things that has appeared in English poetry for a long time past. And the Dialogue called "June Nightfall" that follows has an equally strange and beautiful glamour. Those pieces are cumulative in effect and cannot be quoted in sections without doing them injustice. But the greater part of a shorter poem "The Dark Cry," may be here set down:—

"I hear from the river the curlew's voice.
Curlew, curlew, don't cry any more to-night!
It isn't true what you say, for there's nothing further before us.
But quiet homely life, with simple tasks to be finished,
There's no dreamland really, there's nothing to stir the heart.

"To-morrow I'll see you, feeding down by the water,
Getting your food quietly like other birds,
How is it that you cry like this to-night?

"O bird, I want it, I want it, I want the thing your voice
conjures before me,
O lonely dreamer, I want my dream again.
I want the romance, I want the pain of it,
The sweetness, the wildness, O winged voice!

"I think maybe God thought we should get old and forget
The way He wove life for us once,
And, since there's no angel could speak of it,
He put the remembrance into the voice of a bird."

The following short poem can be quoted entire:—

"I said to the mountain: 'Will you come in,
When my night prayers do begin?'
'Are your prayers big enough for me?'
'No, they're too small for you, I see.'
And so, when I knelt down to pray,
I let the mountain go. Next day,
He asked as his slopes I trod:
'Are your prayers big enough for God?'"

That this owes much to Blake is obvious. But to those who have read Miss Cropper's volume, or who know the Westmorland fells as she knows them, "the mountain" is not an abstraction or an allegory as it would be in a similar poem of Blake's, but a familiar reality, a deeply loved yet always mysterious being.

G. M. TREVELYAN.

THE ART OF DIARY-WRITING

More English Diaries. Edited by ARTHUR PONSONBY. (Methuen. 12s. 6d.)

Scottish and Irish Diaries. Edited by ARTHUR PONSONBY. (Methuen. 10s. 6d.)

MR. ARTHUR PONSONBY claims that he has read more diaries than any man living. Mr. Gladstone, he tells us, when kept waiting, used to pray; Mr. Ponsonby at such times reads a diary. In his pocket there is always some journal or fragment of a journal waiting to be devoured; in his bag as he travels there is another; and in any house or library where he is likely to find himself for any length of time, he takes care to be provided with a sufficient supply. That he should thus have acquired an almost uncanny knowledge of the art and practice of diary-writers is not surprising. He knows their tricks and habits as a nerve-specialist knows the ways of a neurotic case; he can tell at a glance whether the diary before him is likely to be worth reading or not. When he comes to such an entry as "the dear Duchess of Gloucester is at death's door," he tosses that diary aside and takes another from his pocket, but if his eye should happen to light on such a simple phrase as this: "Wasted one and a half hours cleaning a damned pipe," his instinct tells him that there is not a line to be missed. What he asks of a diary is that it should be genuine, spontaneous, "subjective," and, if possible, humorous. Bad grammar, inconsequence, and irregularity do not disturb him: they "do not detract at all from a diary's merit"; but he is slightly suspicious of any deliberate attempt at self-portraiture. Pious ejaculations, as a rule, leave him cold, and for the descriptions of the traveller he has no passion. He prefers, on the whole, the diaries of the obscure to those of the great and highly placed. The journal of the Rev. James Woodforde seems to him "redolent of atmosphere, intimacy and charm," while that of Lord Bertie of Thame—the British Ambassador in the very world centre of affairs during the greatest war that has ever been waged—he finds unreadable. As for Lieut.-Colonel C. a Court Repington, he feels inclined to throw that distinguished man's efforts on the dustheap, and turns with some relief to the more deliberate fabrications of Palmer the murderer. But Mr. Ponsonby is much more than a fearless critic; he is a discoverer and in the true sense an editor. By his indefatigable industry he has not only rescued and revealed many a hidden treasure, but has induced the publication of others which, except for his encouragement, might never have appeared. It might almost be said of him that he has introduced a new vogue into literature, illustrating the truth of Macaulay's saying that "no kind of reading is so delightful, so fascinating as this minute history of a man's self." What can be more charming, for instance, than the portrait we here get of the Rev. William Jones, with his "dog-kennel" of a study, his love of desultory reading, and his continual struggles against the "filthy and beastly" habit of taking too much snuff? Even his wife—his "dear Dosy"—whose temper was often such a trouble to him, seems to have fallen a victim to the same insidious habit, for he once exclaims: "O, that my deary would give up snuff and novels!" But Mrs. Jones was altogether a difficult woman.

"I have seen some do wrong," he writes, "in such a manner that the edge of my disapprobation has been taken off and I have been unable to resist smiling, while too many others have I seen who have a most unpleasant way of doing right. I must and will do my dear wife the justice to say that she very often does right, but I am sorry to be forced to class her with the above-mentioned right-doers."

But it must not be supposed that Mr. Ponsonby confines himself entirely to the journals of the obscure. On the contrary, the extracts he gives in the English volume from the diaries of Anthony Wood, Dorothy Wordsworth, Lord Shaftesbury and Ford Madox Brown are some of the best in the book, while his admirable account of "Miss J." gives fresh and interesting information on a strange episode in the Duke of Wellington's later life. In the other volume, too, are excellent reviews of such well-known diarists as Sir Walter Scott, Mrs. Carlyle, Daniel O'Connell and Tom Moore. Altogether, these two books are a worthy continuation of the "English Diaries" by the same author, which achieved three years ago such immediate and well-deserved success.

P. M.

SIDELIGHTS ON WILLIAM LAW

William Law and Eighteenth-Century Quakerism. By STEPHEN HOBHOUSE. (Allen & Unwin. 12s. 6d.)

In the year 1736 a young lady named Fanny Henshaw, under the influence of a prolonged religious melancholy, decided to leave the Church of England and join the Society of Friends. The diarist and teacher of shorthand, Dr. John Byrom, acting in his capacity as friend and adviser to her family, thereupon asked William Law, whom he regarded as his spiritual master, to speak or write to the young lady deterring her. Law accordingly wrote and dispatched six letters; Fanny Henshaw, notwithstanding, joined the Society of Friends, of which she remained an active member till her death in 1793.

This story cannot be said to provide at first glance very adequate material for a large book. But it is supported by the original documents, many of them hitherto unpublished, and is presented with much cunning by Mr. Hobhouse, who gives us first Law's letters and Fanny's autobiographical statement, and thus whets our appetite for his historical account of the episode. Two of the three principal characters, moreover, are persons of considerable interest in themselves, Byrom as a long-neglected Pepys, whose diaries would evidently repay further study, and William Law as one of the least repellent of the eighteenth-century religious writers, a man who had Gibbon's father as his pupil and Gibbon's aunt as his Egeria, and, as Gibbon allows, "had not his vigorous mind been clouded by enthusiasm, might be ranked with the most agreeable and ingenious writers of the times." So that the reader finds the story of the plots and counterplots round Fanny surprisingly interesting and absorbing.

It must be confessed that Law does not make an impressive show as leading counsel for the defence of the Church of England. He was handicapped by never having met the young lady whose allegiance it was desired to retain, and so having to argue from her own written statement of her religious position, a very emotional and incoherent document. At any rate, he assumed that he had to deal with a common case of religious hysteria, which could be cured by a judicious mixture of bullying and sophistry. There is little of the powerful argument which he could use so effectively against a rational opponent; he cannot believe that Fanny has considered what her action will involve, and especially, that she has really contemplated throwing over the Sacraments; he strongly suspects that the whole trouble is because she fancies herself as a woman preacher, and advises her to turn her religious frenzy in the direction of humility and self-abnegation. As a matter of fact, Fanny was apparently genuinely dissatisfied with the Church and anxious for a new religious life; as far as her mental and physical disabilities allowed, she remained a zealous minister in the Society of Friends to the end of her long life. But the records that remain do not present her as a very attractive character. She describes herself as having "as quick a satirical disposition as most," and although "bereft of all comeliness," as being "sought after by several of the chiefest persons in the Society as a companion for life." But this is as near as we get to any human side in Fanny; for the most part we hear only of her fits of religious depression, and are not sure at the end whether Law was not partly right in his diagnosis of hysteria and self-absorption as being at the root of her troubles. Two interesting points may be mentioned in this connection: first, that the censors appointed by the Society of Friends withheld their sanction to the publication of her narrative on the ground that it showed signs of "spiritual pride"; secondly, that there is a curious inconsistency in her account of her first attack of religious depression, and one that seems to have escaped Mr. Hobhouse's observant eye. In an earlier passage she says, "My life being a burden unto me, I refused my natural food, thinking I might by that means gradually compass bodily dissolution with the least imputation of reproach"; in a later passage, of the same occasion, "It was with the greatest difficulty that I strove to refrain myself from committing violence on my own life."

A collation of the two certainly leads one to suspect Fanny of romancing, for to congratulate oneself on successfully withstanding the temptation to suicide seems somehow inappropriate when the chosen means of suicide is the hunger-strike.

Having disposed of Fanny Henshaw, Mr. Hobhouse devotes the remainder of his book to the consideration of William Law's attitude to Quakerism in the body of his writings. He prints a not very interesting manuscript draft of Law's for a work (never published) against the Quakers, but the greater part of the concluding chapters are concerned with the thesis that Law's antagonism diminished as he came to regard the Church Sacraments in a different light, this under the influence of his later mysticism, when, to quote Gibbon again, "his compositions are darkly tinted by the incomprehensible visions of Jacob Behmen." This thesis seems obvious enough, and one hardly requiring the quotation of great chunks of Law's treatises to prove, but Mr. Hobhouse disarms the criticism of padding by avowing in his preface that one of his objects is to reprint some of the magnificent passages in Law's writings, and to the admirer of Law no other excuse for the book will be needed.

A. W. BRAITHWAITE.

NATIONAL GALLERIES

Old Masters and Modern Art: The National Gallery, France and England. By SIR CHARLES HOLMES. (Bell. 25s.)

Hours in the National Portrait Gallery. By JOHN STEEGMANN. (Duckworth. 3s. 6d.)

Hours in the Glasgow Art Galleries. By T. C. F. BROTHIE. (Duckworth. 3s. 6d.)

The Important Pictures of the Louvre. By FLORENCE HEYWOOD. (Methuen. 7s. 6d.)

For any interested traveller it is a curious fact that whereas when you pass the vestibules of French, Spanish, Belgian, or Dutch national galleries you find yourself amongst, not Italian, but French, Spanish, Belgian, or Dutch pictures, in the English National Gallery you have to traverse two big rooms of French (or, alternatively, half a dozen rooms of Italian) pictures before you reach the rooms where English pictures are to be seen. Yet in these other countries the practically supreme achievement of Italy in painting is not denied, and it is not for advertisement that their own achievement is given priority of position. It seems merely natural to them that when one is in a country one should first wish to see what character the tradition of painting has taken on in it. The Italians can afford to wait. One comes to them as one should come to all ultimate things, by stages. At Trafalgar Square one comes to them at once, and one of the results is that no intelligent person ever reaches the English rooms there without a sense of anti-climax. It would matter less perhaps if English painting were definitely a thing of the past, but, as it is, it means that the best that an English artist, thinking of his future, can hope for is to be pushed to one side at Trafalgar Square—provided, that is, that he is dragged out of the limbo of Millbank.

The explanation is the unpretentiousness of the well-educated Englishman. It is the pretension of all well-educated Englishmen to be unpretentious, and in nothing are they more self-consciously unpretending than in matters of art. At the best this unpretentiousness is an excuse for laziness—if you do not claim much, much is not expected of you—at the worst, it arises from a sense of fundamental superiority. Sir Charles Holmes, the Director of the National Gallery, makes quite superior claims for English painting. He finds that the sky in Turner's "Ulysses deriding Polyphemus" is "the most glorious and triumphant thing of the kind in all oil painting." Reynolds (who, surely, never probed below a surface in his life) is, for Sir Charles, "an artistic psychologist of the first rank." Blake is mentioned in the same breath with El Greco; "just like Cézanne or Mr. Steer" is an expression we find used once; while Mr. Augustus John, with a training "based on the practice of the Old Masters, not upon contemporary developments of Impressionism in France," is the greatest "of all Slade students" (comment would be vandalism), and "nothing

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more substantial, more truly monumental has been painted for many years" than "The Smiling Woman."

He is decidedly more judicious in his remarks about French painters. He thinks that the "Sun Rising Through Vapour," though it is not for him one of Turner's more inspired productions, "may fairly claim to have the advantage" over Claude's "Isaac and Rebecca." The French eighteenth century is as congenial to him as the English eighteenth century is congenial. One would have thought that in view of this year's and last year's auction-room news and the financially most satisfactory annual progresses of living English portrait painters through the United States, London had little to learn with regard to the exploitation of art, but Sir Charles keeps a more watchful eye on the Paris dealers. And he is hostile to those whom he calls "Gallicizers" in London. He has considerably more to say for Mr. Francis Dodd than for Mr. Duncan Grant, Mr. Stanley Spencer, Mr. Henry Lamb, or the Nashes. Then at the end of his book he remarks with a condescension that might once have been annoying to Frenchmen, but is now only embarrassing for intelligent Englishmen:—

"... our hungry homely Anglo-Saxon temper is not calculated to thrive on the rare and exiguous diet which æsthetic theory insists on prescribing for it. We need a much more liberal allowance, and must pray that our critics will be satisfied if France continues to supply a good half, at least, of our artistic medicine."

And—one is back in Trafalgar Square—his cover illustration is a photographic reproduction, not of anything by Mr. Dodd or Mr. John, but of Manet's "Servante de bocks."

Probably the most interesting suggestion in the book is that Poussin was more strongly influenced by Claude than is generally realized. All Sir Charles has to say on the matter is interest and convincing. His suggestion that the salvation of British art will come from the southern half of Scotland is not likely, however, to be generally acceptable. But Mr. Brochie will take his hand on it. For Mr. Brochie, Raeburn was superior to Reynolds and Gainsborough in his grasp of character, and the art of Glasgow "has exercised an acknowledged influence upon the art of Europe." The first seven chapters of his book are devoted to a history of painting in Scotland, and the cover illustration is of a picture of Glencoe by Horatio McCulloch, which, considering the masterpieces of Italian and Flemish art that are in the Glasgow gallery, shows the right spirit. Mr. Brochie has also succeeded marvellously in capturing in his writing the spirit of the high-tea city on the Clyde:—

"It is instructive, and also imperative, to glance at the beginnings of the renaissance of which Raeburn and Burns were the rich fruit. At the outset it is but a wimpling burn, but we see its stream broadening and deepening as the century progressed; a majestic, rolling river in the later decades which witnessed Burns, Scott, and Hogg triumphant in the sphere of literature; Raeburn, Wilkie, and Geddes in the vanguard, victorious and leading their compeers along the broad and beautiful highway of art."

Nobody will disagree with Sir Charles and Mr. Brochie that their great country might at least prove itself capable of further artistic exploits.

Mr. Steegmann writes with distinction and, considering that his book is about a portrait gallery, he has made it remarkably interesting. Mr. Milner, of the Tate Gallery, who writes an introduction, reminds us that only in London, Edinburgh, and Dublin do national portrait galleries exist. It says little for the artistic intelligence of Sinn Fein that it allowed so horrible and so unnecessary a thing as a national portrait gallery to remain standing when it had a chance to destroy it. In such places works of art are lost amongst corpse-like effigies, most of which have no more historical than they have artistic value. If they were all photographed and the photographs put into drawers, while the works of art went with other works of art and the effigies were destroyed, there would be less need for building the expensive extensions which are needed at all the national galleries.

It is nearly twenty years since Miss Heywood's little book was first issued. For this third edition it has been revised and brought up to date, and is as valuable as ever for English visitors to Paris.

All four books have numerous illustrations of admirable quality.

BARREN PHILOSOPHY

Essays in Philosophy. By JAMES WARD. (Cambridge University Press. 16s.)

JAMES WARD was born in 1843. His father was an unsuccessful inventor, speculator, and business man. He was unsuccessful wherever he turned, and he was deeply religious. The circumstances of the family changed once for the better, and then ever for the worse. They belonged to a narrowly evangelical community, and when the more obvious forms of enjoyment were denied them, the formulations of Christianity became the vehicles of their impulses. But James Ward was also a clever young man, and in him we find the old conflict which makes human beings of his type at once such sad spectacles, and at the same time curiously grand.

His daughter writes of his "instinctive faith in God which his philosophical writings were largely an attempt to justify." That was it. He had an axe to grind. An axe of that peculiar sharpness which seems to lop off all the twigs which spread out towards enjoyment, and which cleaves a way to some form of life which involves noble ideals, carving excuses for not doing what one wants to do. "In his last year he more than once declared that 'barren philosophy' had rendered him inhuman and cut him off from life, and wished that he might live to a hundred to try and mend matters." Intent on sharpening the axe of God he too often allowed the more precious razor of Occam to rust in his pocket. And so he could bring himself to write the first and last of the essays reprinted in this volume, both on Faith. The arguments are absurd, confused, and almost buried under an avalanche of language. It is seriously suggested that the saurians crawling in primeval slime must have had blind faith to achieve wings, and, therefore, with blind faith man may achieve something which Ward considered desirable—"God-consciousness." But he glides over the ontological aspect of faith. Faith in the existence of what? In 1879 it was a "personal trust and confidence in an Unseen Being," but in 1924 "faith is not regarded as cognitive." "Nothing that science can say," he writes, "will ever quench man's faith in God if they find that on the whole they make the best of this world by it." Best of this world? He had just quoted: "Ye shall know them by their fruits," and in the last essay he points to the saints, saying that it cannot be denied that faith made them what they were. Certainly not, but there are not many saints with whom one would care to change places. And then his own life, like his writings, like his appearance, in the grand manner, was not one many would have chosen. When the furniture of Heaven filled the room he dreaded the fire in the grate lest it should lick him up, and when the white ants of doubt gnawed away inside the structures and they came clattering about his ears, the fire went out, and he was cold. "Miserable," "stunned," "wretched"—the words recur so frequently that we can scarcely credit even the ghostly enjoyment of the peewits and the bird's-nesting.

There is something magnificent in the struggle. Enthusiastic faith, if it reaches certain proportions, however blind, however ridiculous in its formulations, is never absurd. But the problem which is raised is: How far does the power of reason reach when we come to beliefs which afford some gratification to thwarted impulse? Religion may be ultimately a symptom rather than an account of the Universe, but when its furniture is emotionally valuable the critical intellect becomes enfeebled. It would be absurd to deny that Ward had a fairly powerful intellectual machine—the essay on Kant and his grasp of German philosophy are proof—but why could he not go further? In this bleaker age of the "minute philosophers" the grand manner is unsympathetic. Reading these essays one has often the feeling of remoteness which one has when reading Plato or Spinoza. "What do they mean?" we ask. They seem to be after something different, while we, perhaps, are "after" nothing at all. Religious beliefs have not twined their tentacles round our brains as they did round Ward's. He wanted to go into the ministry, and was at Spring Hill, a theological college, from 1863 until 1869, when he went to Germany. From the college he wrote letters comforting and exhorting his sisters, and expressing horror that a dying aunt had no "real sorrow for sin"; from Germany he wrote long letters to



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his friends in an agony of doubt, often wondering whether it would not be as well to draw a veil over dogma, and attend to the problem of helping people to live. The ants were forging ahead, and every belief that fell away was like a part of himself cut out by the surgeon's knife, but in spite of all appearances to the contrary which could not fail to meet his eye on every side, the belief in the "infinite fatherly patience and love" of God seems to have resisted to the last.

In 1871 he came to the Nonconformist chapel in Downing Street, Cambridge, but his views were so heretical that he felt himself compelled to resign, and in 1872 he became a member of the University. In 1875 he was elected a fellow of Trinity, and he taught in Cambridge from then until his death in 1925, being elected to the chair of Mental and Moral Philosophy in 1897.

His interests were wide. He was fond of nature, and particularly, as one might somehow expect, of birds. He worked in one of the early psychological laboratories in Germany under Ludwig, and carried out various experiments in England. He had, that is to say, one eye on the world of experience, but the other on some "beyond," and it is this that makes his essays so uncomfortable.

His most important work is, undoubtedly, the "Psychological Principles." As an article in the *ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA*, with its unforgettable phrases, in his vivid pictorial language, it was the first valuable work on psychology in English. He emphasized the unity of the individual, and the continuity of his experience; he attacked the Associationists and routed the old-fashioned school of "faculty Psychologists." He realized the enormous importance of psychology, and the possibility of a scientific approach.

That will be his great monument. The essays, one supposes, had to be reprinted, and the memoir which precedes them, by his daughter, is fascinating. They have a historical value; the knowledge of German thought is amazing, and there is much that is instructive in the philosophico-scientific ones, but as a help to solve the problems which face modern philosophy—the philosophy of Moore and Broad—they are useless. Perhaps they are worse than useless, because their forceful language, their vagueness, and their spirit of enthusiasm may hold back some struggler on the brink of emancipation. W. J. H. SPROTT.

INTERNATIONAL LAW

The British Year Book of International Law, 1927. (Milford. 16s.)

THE British Year Book is now well established, being eight years old. Its contributions reach a very high standard, and, as it is the only publication of its kind in this country, it deserves the attention and support of all those who teach, study, or are interested in International Law.

The present volume is well worthy of standing on the same shelf as its predecessors. It is extremely well edited, and the documentary sections are admirable. These deal with the decisions and awards of international tribunals and of national tribunals involving points of International Law, and include reviews of books, summary of events, and a bibliography.

The papers dealing with particular questions and problems and written by experts are all of high quality. It is significant, and not surprising in view of the trend of thought among British international lawyers, that no fewer than three out of the seven papers deal with the laws of naval warfare. Mr. H. W. Malkin contributes "The Inner History of the Declaration of Paris," Mr. O. H. Mootaham "The Doctrine of Continuous Voyage, 1756-1815," and Professor A. Pearce Higgins "Retaliation in Naval Warfare." Mr. Malkin's paper is particularly interesting. As he points out, the Declaration "was the first and remains the most important international instrument regulating the rights of belligerents and neutrals at sea which received something like universal acceptance," but the exact reasons which induced the British Government to abandon their claim to make prize of enemy goods on neutral ships have not hitherto been known. Mr. Malkin has been able to use certain documents not previously available, and he shows that the adoption of the principle "free ships, free goods" by the Palmerston Government in 1856 was the price they paid for the abolition of privateering.

Of the other papers, attention may be called to "Denationalization," by Sir John Fischer Williams. The Russian Government in 1921 issued a decree depriving probably some two million persons of the right of Russian citizenship. Sir John interprets this as equivalent to the denationalization of the persons concerned, and he examines the question how this act, unprecedented in many ways, affects or is affected by international law. Another interesting paper is one in which Dr. Lauterpacht discusses the contribution of Spinoza to international law.

ON THE EDITOR'S TABLE

FOUR books on Italy have been published this week: "Italy To-day," by Sir Frank Fox (Jenkins, 10s. 6d.), deals with political and social facts; "Italy from End to End," by H. Warner Allen (Methuen, 10s. 6d.), aims at being a "psychological guidebook" for sightseers; "Unknown Italy," by E. A. Reynolds-Ball (A. & C. Black, 10s. 6d.), deals with Piedmont and the Piedmontese; "The Stones of Italy," by Professor Formigli (Black, 20s.), is an illustrated guide to the buildings of Italy.

Two archaeological works are "The Book of the Cave of Treasures," by Sir Wallis Budge (Religious Tract Society, 10s. 6d.), and "The Glamour of Near East Excavation," by James Baikie (Seeley & Service, 10s. 6d.).

The following biographical books may be noted: "Monsieur Charles, the Tragedy of the True Dauphin," by Eric Rede Buckley (Witherby, 10s. 6d.); "Chopin, a Man of Solitude," by Guy de Pourtales (Thornton Butterworth, 10s. 6d.); "David Corkey," a life story of work in slums, in a country parish, and on the battlefield, by Ethel Corkey (Religious Tract Society, 7s. 6d.); "Recollections of a Russian Diplomat," by A. Savinsky (Hutchinson, 21s.); "Letters from the Cape," by Lady Duff Gordon, annotated by Dorothea Fairbridge, with an Introduction by Mrs. Janet Ross (Milford, 10s. 6d.); "O Rare Ben Jonson," by Byron Steel (Knopf, 10s. 6d.).

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Money. Translated from the German of KARL HEFFERICH by L. INFELD, edited with an Introduction by T. E. GREGORY. 2 vols. (Benn. 52s. 6d.)

This substantial treatise, originally published in 1907, but revised by the author for the seventh German edition shortly before his death in 1923, has no positive value at the present time for the English student of monetary theory. Its interest chiefly lies in the fact that it had a considerable vogue in Germany before the war, and that its author had much influence on German financial policy during the war. The greater part of it is historical and descriptive—the descriptive sections also being mainly historical in effect since the date to which they refer is not to-day. The theoretical sections bear instructive testimony to the extraordinarily primitive and rudimentary character of monetary theory in pre-war Germany, apart from the metaphysical side developed by Knopf. Professor Gregory has supplied a useful appendix. The book's remarkably high price may prove not so unreasonable as it looks in view of its limited appeal.

The Theatre in Life. By NICOLAS EVREINOFF. (Harrap. 12s. 6d.)

THIS book, as might be expected from the author of the ingeniously fantastic plays by which he is known, is mainly an attack upon the various forms of silliness in the theatre, which make it increasingly difficult for anybody who cares how he spends his time to go there. The main attack is upon realism, a dog which is already three parts dead. Mr. Evreinoff traces the theatre not from ritual or religion, nor from any desire to create an artistic or philosophic coherence, but from a more primitive desire to "make as if," to be "something different." He would have us continue our childhood in our theatre, since men must act all through their lives in one way or another. The practical result, as far as can be gathered from a somewhat incoherent and repetitive argument, is that there should be no theatre at all, but that each of us should gratify this profound impulse to act by assuming and playing various parts on different occasions. We may be cab-drivers, or convalescents, or jesters: or we may try on

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various forms of death to see which suits us best. This is in many ways an entertaining book, but it is not about the theatre. It is, definitely, about the theatre in life, and is "adorned" by illustrations, mostly of the Russo-Teutonic expressionistic kind, of the sort we usually reserve for our blotting paper.

The Tibetan Book of the Dead. By W. Y. EVANS-WENTZ. (Oxford University Press. 16s.)

The "Book of the Dead," to which Dr. Evans-Wentz has contributed a copious introduction, in which he has searched the world's religions for parallels, is the translation, by the late Lama Kazi Dawa-Samdup, of a Tibetan Manual on the "art of dying," which gives the disciple of Buddha minute instructions with regard to the world of the dead and to right conduct in that world during the period between death and rebirth. From the point of view of the student of comparative religion the work is of great interest; but it would seem that Dr. Evans-Wentz and Sir John Woodroffe, who has written a foreword, claim that it is something more than an illustration of man's curious speculations with regard to death and life after death; that, indeed, it is "based upon verifiable data of human physiological and psychological experiences," and is consequently to be commended to the serious attention of a Western World, "freed, in large measure, from the incrustations of Mediævalism." This view is difficult to accept. At its best this "Book of the Dead" is but a wildly fantastic elaboration of solipsism, at its worst it bears a strong family likeness to those "incrustations of Mediævalism" from which we are rightly congratulated on being freed. As for its psychology and physiology, they may be left to Sir James Frazer and Dr. Halliburton for interpretation; without such expert testimony they would be as useful to the layman as the contents of a Joanna Southcott box. Among the illustrations, there is an Indian picture of the Buddhist Judgment Hall and Hell, the latter being in every way as cruel and nasty as anything that a Mediæval Christian could have conceived; the difference being that the Tibetan Buddhist holds that the sufferer only thinks he suffers, the Christian that he actually does suffer. The pain is believed to be the same in both cases.

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The Bradenham Edition of the Novels and Tales of Benjamin Disraeli. No. 8.—*Coningsby*. No. 9.—*Sybil*. (Peter Davies. 10s. 6d. each.)

With the two political novels now published, this attractive and cheap edition is nearing completion, for only three of the twelve volumes are to come. Mr. Guedalla, in his introduction, gives very high praise to "Coningsby," but not more than it deserves. As a political novel, it stands without a rival in English.

John Wesley, The Master Builder. By JOHN S. SIMON. (Epworth Press. 18s.)

This is Dr. Simon's fourth volume on Wesley, and, as in his previous volumes, he follows in detail Wesley's work in founding the Methodist Church. The period covered in the present volume are the years from 1757 to 1772. It is full of interesting material, some familiar and some little known. Perhaps the most important is that which deals with America.

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TO me the most fascinating week in the whole year is the one spent at the Motor Show. Even on the most crowded days, when it may be difficult to see the exhibits, there is the thrill of meeting unexpectedly old friends, and of listening to the impressions of American and Continental visitors. It is good at times to see ourselves as others see us.

At the close of the 1919 Show I dined with a party of American car manufacturers and motor journalists, who whilst they differed upon many points agreed that the British Automobile industry could never recover the ground it had lost to its Western rivals during the War!

The old Ford was then going as strong as ever, and there were no cheap English cars. To-day our own manufacturers dominate the light car market, and Morris Motors, Ltd., are challenging America with a new inexpensive but fast 17.7 h.p. six-cylinder, suitable for use at home or overseas.

Not a bad record for an industry that eight years ago was deemed "down and out!"

One of the most amazing features of the Show is the wonderful variety of inexpensive cars of low rating (7, 8, and 9 h.p.), and the smart coachwork offered on these light chassis. There is going to be a big boom in this section. Even people who are fond of fast, large cars realize that a nippy little vehicle can maintain a high average speed on congested roads. The handiness of these small cars—combined with low capital outlay and cheap running costs—is not as fully appreciated to-day as it will be in the next few years. The development of the flexible fabric type of Saloon—weighing even less than the old open touring body with hood—will play a big part in popularizing the low-powered car, and manufacturers who realize the special merit of a four-speed gear box in productions of this type will, in my opinion, command the biggest business.

Whilst admitting that modern power units are more flexible than the old types, I am more convinced than ever that in districts where heavy gradients are numerous four-speeds are better than three, and it is a significant sign that American manufacturers are beginning to share this view.

I am not surprised to find that 44 per cent. of British cars are now fitted with six-cylinder engines—the flexibility of which is worth paying for if the purchaser can afford it, but it should not be inferred from this that the four-cylinder power-unit is incapable of giving satisfactory service. The majority of cars sold in the next twelve months will be "fours," and not "sixes."

Most visitors to Olympia will, I feel sure, show a keener interest in the new free-wheel gear offered by the Lea-Francis and Vulcan Companies than in engine design, because although the art of gear-changing is not difficult to acquire if one will study its principles, the fact remains that the majority of motorists are ready to welcome a device that changes gears almost automatically and silently. The Lea-Francis and Vulcan stands will attract the crowd.

As an advocate of "sunshine" saloons, with sliding or folding tops, I shall be more interested than ever in the coach work, and as an admirer of the genius displayed for years past by the body-building department at the Humber works I shall certainly pause at Stand 70. In the light car section last year the bodywork on the Humber 9-20 h.p. was irresistible, and I am told that the new fabric saloon at £285 will be a revelation.

Welcome improvements in the 14-40 h.p. four-cylinder four-speed Humber are the substitution of a dry plate clutch for a cone, and the coupling of the brakes on all four wheels to the pedal. Easier gear-changing and smoother braking are the outcome. Humber coachwork at its best is superb, and one finds it on the 20-55 h.p. six-cylinder chassis. A saloon and limousine in fabric are added to the range.

RAYNER ROBERTS.

Mr. Rayner Roberts has for many years been recognized as an exceptionally well-informed writer on motoring subjects, and his wide experience as an Owner-Driver is at the service of our readers. Communications should be addressed to the Motor Editor, THE NATION AND ATHENÆUM, 38, Great James Street, London, W.C.1.

Humber

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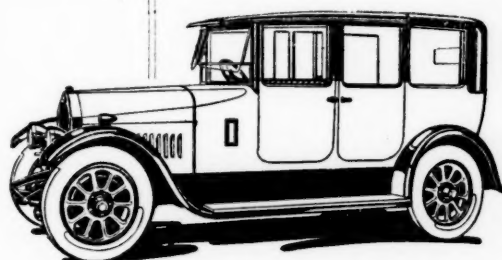
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FINANCIAL SECTION

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

NEW ISSUES—BRITISH CELANESE—SWEDISH MATCH—INTERNATIONAL TELEPHONE.

THE industrial share market seems due for a reaction. Apart from individual prices which have soared too high, new issues are once again locking up funds. Many "bulls" will be taking profits on "industrials" for the fun of "staggering" new issues. The £2,500,000 issue of 7 per cent. convertible debentures by British Celanese was over-subscribed forty times. The £5,000,000 South African loan—another success—is followed by the big Brazilian loan of which we gave notice last week. The New York portion is \$41,000,000, the London £7,000,000, and the Continental share £1,750,000. The London issue will take the form of $6\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. stock at $91\frac{1}{2}$, to yield £7 2s. 1d. "flat," and £7 7s. 7d. with redemption. The "stags" will again have a clear run for a quick profit, particularly as the New York issue is being offered at $92\frac{1}{2}$.

* * *

When we were writing last week about the convertible debenture issue of British Celanese we expressed the hope that the prospectus would contain some forecast of the future earnings. It was a shock to find Dr. Dreyfus taking the word "future" so literally. In his letter to Messrs. Cull, which was reproduced in the prospectus, Dr. Dreyfus stated that the profits for September, after deduction of debenture interest and royalties, were estimated at £96,000, that the plant to treble the production should be in operation in the middle of next year, and that, assuming normal conditions, the profits would then be well over £400,000 per month after charging bond interest and depreciation (royalties having been abolished). Does Dr. Dreyfus ask us to believe that in so short a time the British Celanese Company can outstrip the rate of earnings of Messrs. Courtauld's, whose capital is nearly four times as large? Or that British Celanese in two years can arrive at an annual income which is double that earned by the Swedish Match Company after fifteen years of steady expansion? It is a mistake, we think, for "bulls" to roar and rage so furiously. British Celanese have no monopoly in the artificial silk market. Celanese goods may be the vogue today, but Nuera or Courtauld's goods may be the vogue to-morrow. If the demand is so enormous that a Company can treble its plant in nine months' time and make such colossal profits as £5,000,000 odd a year, other companies will try their hand. Competition will become intense, and a glut of artificial silk goods will again depress prices. Profits do not turn out to order in the economic world: it is different from a chemist's laboratory.

* * *

On the most favourable showing British Celanese net profits for the year to February 28th, 1928, should amount to £1,200,000. After the fixed $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. preference dividend (£318,750), 25 per cent. of the balance goes to the preference and 75 per cent. to the ordinary capital. This would allow an additional dividend of $12\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on the preference capital of £4,250,000, and 57 per cent. on the ordinary capital of £1,150,000. But the ordinary shares are the denomination of 10s., and to allow a yield of 10 per cent. on these earnings the ordinary shares would have to stand at no more than 57s. Similarly the preference share, to allow a yield of, say, 7 per cent. on earnings, would have to stand at 36s., or 42s. allowing for 6s. arrears of dividend. Should a profit of £400,000 a month ever be realized the relative prices—to allow similar yields on earnings—would be £14 12s. for the ordinary and £4 14s. for the preference. The latter figures serve to show the extravagant nature of Dr. Dreyfus's estimates. There was certainly good ground for the rise in British Celanese securities, but it has been overdone. The ordinary shares at the moment are obviously over-valued as compared with the preference. After wild fluctuations on Wednesday, the ordinary shares closed 15s. lower and the preference 4s. 3d. lower than on Monday.

The rise in the Swedish Match group has been carried further this week, and the following figures show the appreciation which has occurred since March 31st:—

	Price Mar. 31.	June 30.	Oct. 11.	% Rise.
Swedish Match B 100 Kr. ...	$16\frac{3}{4}$	16	21	28%
Kreuger & Toll 100 Kr. ...	$31\frac{1}{2}$	37	42	33%
International Match Part.				
Pref. \$35 ...	70	$73\frac{1}{4}$	91	30%

Is the rise justified? The prosperity of International Match, through which Swedish Match controls the greater part of its world interests outside Sweden, is largely the measure of the prosperity of Swedish Match. International Match began paying dividends in July at the rate of \$3.20 a share on its 1,000,990 common shares. These dividends, together with \$3.20 on the 1,350,000 shares of participating preference stock, take \$7,523,168 a year, which is not much more than half the 1926 net profits of \$14,586,272. Only two quarter's dividends on the common shares will actually be paid in the calendar year 1927. The acquisition of 432,000 additional common shares from a Dutch Syndicate in exchange for new Swedish Match shares will therefore affect Swedish Match 1927 income as follows:—

1927 Income of Swedish Match from International Match Shares:—

On old holding of 570,000 shares = \$912,000
On new holding of 432,000 shares = \$691,000

\$1,603,000 = £320,640

1927 Interest or Dividend Requirements of Swedish Match as result of issue of new shares:—

Interest of kr. 13.80 on 450,000 new shares issued to shareholders ... = kr. 6,210,000
Interest of kr. 10.75 on 450,000 new shares issued to Dutch Syndicate ... = kr. 4,837,500

kr. 11,047,500 = £608,342

* * *

Apart from any dividends received from the Chilena de Fosforos shares which were also acquired from the Dutch Syndicate, the net increase in the dividend requirements of Swedish Match this year is £287,702, or kr.5,224,668. The 15 per cent. dividend last year required 27,000,000 kr. The profits of the Swedish Match Company for 1926 were 32,326,462 kr. against 28,477,000 kr. in the previous year. A $17\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. dividend this year would require kr.31,500,000, making with kr.5,224,668 a total of kr.36,724,668. Last year profits showed an expansion of nearly 20 per cent. Allowing the same expansion this year, (apart from the International Match and Chilena de Fosforos dividends), profits should amount to 38,700,000 kr., which would permit an increase in dividend to $17\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. It is possible that the Swedish Match Company will elect not to increase its dividends this year. And even on a $17\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. dividend basis the shares would only yield 4.58 per cent. It is probable that Swedish as well as American buying has been responsible for this "over-valuation" of Swedish Match.

* * *

Looking back, we find a recommendation in THE NATION of June 18th of International Telephone and Telegraph \$100 shares at 150. These shares are now 159 ex-dividend. We learn that for the first six months of 1927 the Corporation earned \$5,730,000, against \$2,780,000 in the same half of 1926; which is equivalent to nearly \$6 per share outstanding at June 30th, and \$4 $\frac{1}{2}$ per share to be outstanding at December 31st. Dividends at the rate of \$6 per share per annum are at present being paid. In retrospect again—in THE NATION of October 1st—we called attention to the bonus possibilities of British Tobacco Company of Australia at 58s. 6d. cum-dividend of 6d. net. These shares are now 60s. ex-dividend. We think the bonus will be discounted at about 62s. 6d.

